

Southern

VOLUME VIII

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WINTER 1989

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# PARTISAN



## The Death of Stonewall Jackson

By Peggy Robbins

## Why They Seceded (The Long Farewell)

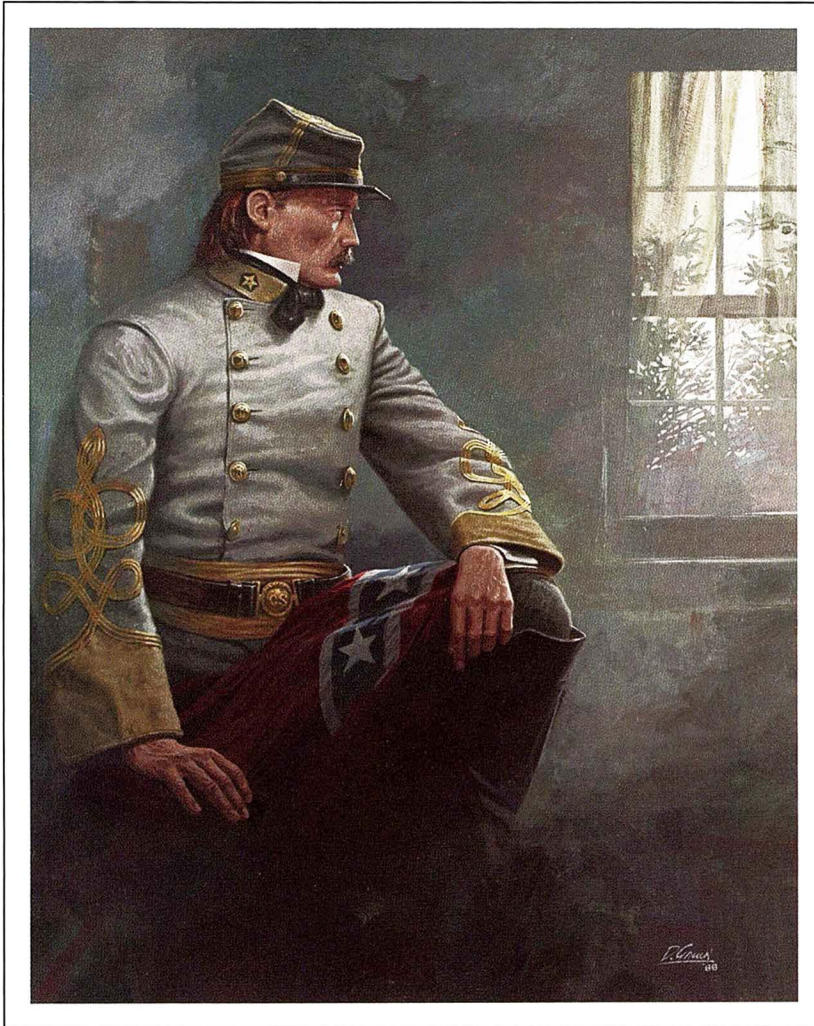
By M. E. Bradford

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*-Dale Gallon*

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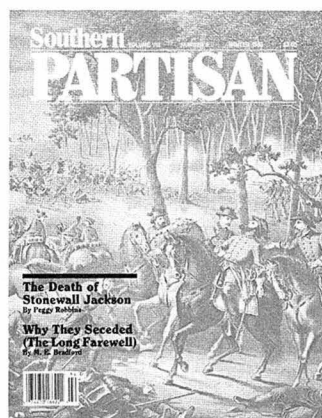
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## COVER ILLUSTRATION:

The print "Battle of Chancellorsville" on our cover is reproduced by permission of the publisher from *Battles of the Civil War: The Complete Kurz and Allison Prints*. Oxmoor House, Inc. 1976.

# Southern PARTISAN

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# PARTISAN LETTERS

## SOUTHERN WARNING

Gentlemen:

After I read the Scalawag Award column in the Summer '88 issue about Southern Magazine, I have been looking all over for that issue. Well, I found it in my college library and it angered me so much I almost ripped the pages out of the book. I should have expected it after I read your column. We need to warn everyone of the liberalness of this publication that calls itself "Southern". I myself was, at first, planning on getting a subscription. Keep up the good work...

Jeff Rogers  
 Leesburg, Georgia

## THE THE MISTAKE

Gentlemen:

On page 31 of your Fall 1988 issue you make the unpardonable (although I will forgive you this time) mistake of Confusing the Army of Tennessee USA (named for a state-mine) with the Union Army of the Tennessee (named for a river) the latter was Bill Sherman's force. Please proof read your copy in the future.

Yours with respect and love (still)...

Phillip Edward Bayston  
 Chattanooga, Tennessee

## Editor's Note:

*The author, Wayne Austermann, bears no responsibility for the "the". His manuscript was correct. The the error was ours. We apologize.*

## BUSH LEAGUE HISTORY

Gentlemen:

When George Bush gave his acceptance speech at the Republican National Convention last summer, he [said] "ours is the country that is so great that it fought a war rather than continue the misery of human slavery." Surely I am not the only un-reconstructed Southerner who has noticed this. Yet, there was no mention of it in your last issue. We should require even those people we support to be held accountable for such slanderous comments...

Dan Henderson  
 Saluda, South Carolina

## Editor's Note:

*What do you expect from a man who thinks Pearl Harbor Day is September 7?*

## FLY THE FLAG

Gentlemen:

You might find it interesting to know that our church proudly flies our Confederate flag on a 40 foot pole (Our only desire is that the flag were larger.)

There are also two other churches in Florida doing the same. One in Jacksonville and one in Vero Beach.

R.E. Stokes, Bishop  
 Open Bible Baptist Church  
 Apopka, Florida

## SAVING GRACE

Gentlemen:

Your fall issue of the Southern Partisan was saved from banality by two items:

(1) "The Confessions of a Yellow Dog Democrat" by Jim Hite of Clemson University who said in essence, "choose the least worst. Cross your fingers and vote Democrat."

(2) Your other saving grace was the Southern cookbook review by a newcomer, Sarina Snow. She writes with a delightfully light touch showing a tender love for the best of the South without a political care in the world...

Jack Stafford  
 Dublin, Georgia

## FIRST SHOT

Gentlemen:

I received my first issue of Southern Partisan. On reading the "Preston Brooks Award", I say good for Hank Williams Jr.!

The way certain people are trying to destroy our great Generals (Lee, Stuart & others), our flags, etc. is frightening.

Rose Moore  
 Aurora, Missouri

## ORDNANCE

Gentlemen:

As a former officer, honorably discharged, in WWII having served in the Ordnance Department, it is somewhat disturbing when I notice Wayne R. Austerman misspells in his article "Lock & Load, Miss Scarlett", the word ORDNANCE.

Perhaps others have brought this to your attention...

N.P. Stauffer, Jr.  
 Bryn Mawr,  
 Pennsylvania



## PROUD AND GRATEFUL

Gentlemen:

It has been a very long time since I have written you, but the Partisan continues to stimulate and inspire me. At a very active eighty-six years, it is very possible that I can take a longer view of our South, than younger people.

Gordon, my son, gave me a copy of Southern By The Grace of God by Michael Andrew Grissom. What a rich heritage we have! The failure of the historians (to me pretenders) — schools and parents, all have failed to emphasize and teach it, which causes deep concern to all of us who are aware.

For your leadership and those with you, I am personally proud and grateful.

May this be yours and Partisan's greatest year. God bless you and your days.

**Marion E.M. Cansler**  
Kings Mountain, North Carolina

## PACHYDERM POWER

Gentlemen:

My dear aunt, Cordella Jones Browning, and I have had many discussions about "yellow-dog democrats." Living in an area and descended from a family devastated by the War and Reconstruction, I can easily understand how the yellow-dog tradition developed. But because most men running for national office on the Democratic ticket now, even from the South, are yellow dogs, saying one thing to constituents and voting in a different way in the House of Representatives and Senate, this tradition poses a distinct danger to the very ideas and values that formed the basis of the society from which the yellow-dog movement of necessity sprang.

And it is to ideas that we must repair, when even tradition fails our cause. To these ideas and ideals we must cling, if we are to see the "rights we inherited and which it is our duty to transmit unshorn to our children;" as Jefferson Davis so eloquently spoke, actually operative in future years. To fall captive to the yellow-dog democrat mentality after all these years is to suffer mental enchainment, which leads

inevitably to physical chains.

After studying history to determine what ideals our fathers held so dearly that they were willing to risk everything they possessed, even life, to preserve, we must then determine who best articulates these ideas and holds them as a value system, and seek their election as our representatives...

The party that seems most susceptible to influence by people holding Southern ideals at this time is the GOP. As sad as this situation is to people who understand what the Federalists managed to do to this Republic under Lincoln and Chase's Red Republicans, the chances to form an independent Conservative Party to avoid this problem seem to be slim and none. Southern Conservatives have not deserted the party of their fathers; it deserted them, to borrow a phrase from President Reagan. Whether by design, or because of political practicalities, in precincts throughout the nation, people holding Southern sensitivities are active in the Republican party, attempting to field candidates who believe as they do.

But, fielding candidates is not nearly as hard, it has been found, as getting them elected in the traditional Democratic South. One of the biggest hindrances to this movement toward state and national reformation is, you guessed it, yellow-dog Democrats...

**Peter Winn Martin, D.V.M.**  
Statesburg, Georgia

Gentlemen:

I'm afraid Professor Jim Hite was grasping at straws in his Fall, 1988, attempt to justify yellow-dog Democracy in the area of Jesse Jackson....

Professor Hite's "main reason for remaining a Democrat" is "the unsettling tendency of Republican Presidents to embrace the Doctrine...that holds whatever is necessary to preserve the state must and should be done." in support of this position he adduces the activities of the late, unlamented A. Lincoln, as well as the more recent presidential patrons of G. Gordon Liddy and Col. Oliver North. Well, I'll concede him Lincoln, and say only (what can one say?) that that was a long time ago, and that it was Republican William McKinley — perhaps our best President between Washington and Reagan — who did his best to make amends to the

South in 1898 with his appointment of Joe Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee to commands in the Spanish War. Ollie North's efforts for the Contras were not unconstitutional and Watergate was a tempest in a teapot.

But let's examine the record of recent Democratic Presidents when it came to "preserving the Constitution" — professor Hite's phrase.

1. Grover Cleveland: sound, no problem.

2. Woodrow Wilson: gave us the income tax; dragged us into a needless war, probably on the wrong side; appointed the egregious Bryan Secretary of State.

3. Franklin D. Roosevelt: attempted to pack the Supreme Court; interfered in Southern senatorial elections; vastly expanded Federal power at the expense of the States; sold Poland down the river.

4. Harry Truman: unconstitutionally attempted to seize the steel industry in 1952; expanded New Deal usurpations; waged an undeclared war in Korea, and fired McArthur for trying to win it.

5. John F. Kennedy: successfully packed the House Rules Committee; engineered the cruel end of our Christian ally, Ngo Dinh Diem.

6. Lyndon Johnson: expanded Kennedys undeclared war in Indo-China; sponsored the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

7. Jimmy Carter: canonized Martin Luther King as a national hero; surrendered the holy Crown of St. Stephen to the butchers of Budapest in disregard of the constitutional rights of the Archduke Otto.

I submit that one constitutionalist out of seven presidents is a mighty poor showing, and that whatever the deficiencies in the Republican record on the Constitution during the period since the end of Reconstruction, it is preferable to the Democratic record.

I, for one, am proud to be a Southern Republican!

**Tom Hoover**  
Granite City, Illinois





# No, This is Not the Ayatolluh

*...But they are related*

*The resemblance is more than physical.*

The Ayatolluh's brand of modern terrorism can be traced back to this man, John Brown, and the Radical Abolitionists who backed him.

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# PARTISAN VIEW

by Richard Quinn



## The Message of David Duke

It's not a simple world, is it? People have a way of turning out to be a bit more complex than we had planned for them to be.

That was one of the lessons learned (or it should have been) by all the smug media celebrities who had planned to make giblet gravy out of David Duke, when he appeared recently on network and cable television talk shows.

Duke, you will recall, is the ex-Klansman from Metairie, Louisiana who upset the Republican establishment in February when he won a seat in the State House of Representatives. In an extraordinary show of muscle, Ronald Reagan and George Bush recorded commercials against Duke. Indeed, the Republican National Committee sent money to John Treen (Duke's primary opponent) by the truckloads. Still, the 39 year-old Duke won in an election that set a new record for voter turn-out in a party primary.

Suddenly David Duke was national news. Every network talk show host in Chicago, New York and Washington wanted to interview this yahoo Klansman from Louisiana. Here at last was an opportunity for them to confirm their deepest and darkest suspicions about the South, to expose that sinister layer of racism they always knew lurked beneath the surface in all those hateful little Southern towns, just like *Mississippi Burning*, where a white sheet with two eye-holes cut out was stashed away in every closet.

But David Duke didn't quite comply with their carefully cultivated stereotype of the Southern redneck. He wasn't fat or illiterate. He didn't even chew tobacco. Duke turned out to be smoothly polished and articulate, with a quick smile and a clean-cut almost innocent look. Under tough interrogation by the best in the business, he handled himself pretty well.

To be sure, David Duke does have a peculiar background. Twenty years ago, he wore a Nazi Swastika arm band at a college gathering "as a gimmick" to protest a speech given by radical lawyer William Kuntzler. Also during the 1970's Duke made statements at rallies and in college debates which he now confesses were ill-conceived ("I have outgrown the exuberance and coarseness of my youth," he says).

But the voters of Louisiana were not very concerned about what David Duke may have said in 1975. They were more interested in what he was saying in the 1989 campaign. And the things he said in that campaign caused them to turn out in record numbers

to elect Duke as their representative.

So what does all this mean? Are we to assume that most of the voters in and around Metairie, Louisiana are evil racists? That they all secretly sympathize with the KKK?

No, I suspect that most of them decided to ignore Duke's past, to accept his assurances that he had made "many mistakes in my life that I now regret." And they were willing to vote for him because he spoke forcefully for the need to reassess the current direction of politics in America. He expressed a frustration that may be growing in communities all across the country where ordinary citizens are fed up with drugs and street violence, with special interest politics and "reverse discrimination," with the bloating of the welfare state, the decay of the cities, the failure to educate our children in the public schools and the disintegration of the American family.

What better way to reject politics as usual than to elect a maverick like David Duke? What better way to tweak the nose of the establishment?

Duke was saying, with considerable force, that poor and middle class whites in America are the forgotten people. They are expected to shoulder the greatest portion of the tax burden only to find that their children aren't safe in school or that they can't get scholarships because of minority preference or that they can't get jobs in the post office because of quota hiring or that they can't venture outside their homes at night without fear of injury.

None of this is intended as a defense of David Duke. His rather sudden shift to more responsible rhetoric and other hints of radicalism in his recent background are indeed confusing. Time will be the test of his sincerity. But I do intend to defend the voters of his District. David Duke may have been Metairie, Louisiana's way of making an extraordinary statement, not in spite of the national Republican Party's heavy-handed attempt to instruct them on how to vote, but rather *because* of it.

Perhaps politicians with more conventional backgrounds will take note of a sign recently posted on a road near Metairie. The sign simply says: WELCOME TO LOUISIANA. NOBODY TELLS US HOW TO VOTE. That is the central message of David Duke's election, and it is a very Southern sentiment. Republican National Chairman Lee Atwater, who understands the South well, is probably contemplating that message at this very moment. ★



## FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES

# Less Kinder and Gentler

by Gordon Jackson

Less than two months into his administration George Bush was learning a hard lesson about the consequences of a kinder, gentler approach to establishment Washington.

Senate Democrats have repaid the president's extraordinary efforts to be friendly with Congress by torpedoing his nominee for Secretary of Defense. The Washington press corps has shown its gratitude for Bush's increase in the number of press conferences by going after the scalps of his chief of staff and Secretary of State. After the first quarter, certainly no one was talking about a honeymoon anymore.

About the Tower debacle, little remains to be said. The Democratic Congress, having acquired through gerrymandering, PAC contributions, the franking privilege and continual access to the media, job security unparalleled in the history of representative government, has now taken on an arrogance befitting plutocrats. Sam Nunn and his lynch mob were impervious even to the exhortations of the press, which to its credit had no trouble distinguishing Tower's peccadilloes from the compulsive behavior of, say, a Gary Hart. It appears that the only power that can now deter Congress from a free indulgence of its every whimsey is the almighty PAC dollar, or perhaps a stack of constituent mail reaching half way up to the ceiling. (Correspondence from constituents, for those untutored in the ways of the Hill, is almost never read by the con-

gressman unless it happens to massage his ego in a fashion therefore not thought of by staffers. Rather, each letter is placed in a pro or con pile, and when one pile clearly begins to overshadow the other the *vox populi* then starts to become a factor in governance.)

Bush has had somewhat strained relations with media types ever since they started calling him a wimp, circa 1982. But he thought he had struck a truce with the new openness and Carteresque informality, and seemed surprised when the pack started to close in on his people. Certainly, the surprise was warranted in the case of Secretary of State James Baker, Washington's favorite country-club Republican. The glad-handing Baker has ingratiated himself with the pressies by always being ready with a leak, a quip or hearty bonhomie. He has received such a favorable press up until this year that it was a shock when he became the target of the customary "administration officials expressed concern . . ." stories.

The conservative Sununu, a Washington outsider who reportedly does not suffer fools gladly (ergo, he does not enjoy cordial relations with the press) was a natural target for the scalphunters the minute anything went awry with the administration. That didn't take long to happen, and now scarcely a day goes by that the *Washington Post* doesn't run a story in which "highly placed officials" express concern over the direction the administration is going in, and, well, one has to put the blame somewhere. It would be logical to expect Sununu to be turned over to the mob as a sacrificial lamb should anything go really wrong for the administration, a la Don Regan in the Iran-Contra affair. But George Bush can be expected to be more loyal to his subordinates than Ronald Reagan was. Look for Sununu to be around four years hence; and Baker, of course, is unassailable as long as

Bush is president, barring a major scandal.

What Bush must understand about the elite national press is that it is not just his adversary, as it is to be sure, but it is fundamentally adversarial to government now by its very nature. Since Watergate, the quickest way to build a media career in Washington is by toppling a prominent public official, Republican or Democrat. Press support for Tower was a welcome exception to the general rule of, "when in doubt, attack."

A favorite rhetorical device of the media and Democratic pols for keeping Republican presidents in line has become the notion of "political capital." Political capital for the president is like a tiny bank account from which he may make only one or two withdrawals a year. There are boys and girls in the Bush administration who accept this metaphor as revealed truth.

Bush needs to know that his account balance with Congress and the press is at zero. And he needs to know how political capital is generated, as his predecessor did. It's not by stroking his adversaries, it's by going on TV and declaring war on them. When the president draws clear battle lines on the issues, the electorate becomes energized and the letters start piling up in congressional offices.

Much of what is currently rotten in Washington—the pork, the logrolling, dodging tough issues by shipping them out to *ad hoc* committees or never bringing them to the floor for a vote—comes from the impulse to get along, compromise, play the game. Bush seems all too willing to be complicit in this process that protects incumbents by allowing them to fuzz the issues and blend into a nebulous Washington establishment. He will be a one-term president if he fails to grasp that the national electorate wants a clarifier of this process, not another petty participant in it. ★

# SOUTHERN SAMPLER

By William F. Freehoff

## ON HISTORY

*"It is history that teaches us to hope."*  
**R.E. Lee**

## THE LEGEND

*"Resolved, That we love our incomparable chieftain, General Robert E. Lee, as children love a father — that we confide in his wisdom and ability and will follow whithersoever he leads..."*

**Law's Brigade,  
Army of Northern Virginia,  
Feb. 1, 1865**

## ON SHERMAN

*Sherman's dictum that war is hell was answered by E. Porter Alexander's remark that it depends somewhat on the warrior."*

**Richard M. Weaver**

## ON THE LAND

*"People who can give up their own land too readily need careful weighing, exactly as do those who are so with their convictions."*

**Stark Young**

## ON MODERN EDUCATION

*"It destroys the intellectual self-reliance of character, and the charm of balanced personality, in order to stud the mind with unrelated facts."*

**John Gould Fletcher**

## ON THE DEFICIT

*"We must not let our rulers load us with perpetual debt."*

**Thomas Jefferson** ★

# P·A·R·T·I·S·A·N DICTIONARY

by Robert Whitaker

## Cannibalism—

Proof that you can keep a good man down.

## Moron—

A person with a minimum IQ of 50, as opposed to an idiot, whose maximum IQ is 30. The lowest level moron is almost twice as smart as the highest level idiot.

It is therefore wrong to say that there is no difference between the Republicans and the Democrats.

## Paranoia—

The idea that you are the only one They are out to get.

## Faux Pas—

A goof with a college education.

## Psychiatry—

A branch of the medical profession. Psychiatrists deal with organic brain disfunction, mental pathology resulting from chemical imbalances, as well as environmentally induced neuroses and psychoses.

Many of their patients have similar problems. ★

# ANGUISHED ENGLISH

by Richard Lederer

*A collection of fluffs and flubs, goofs and gaffes, boners and boos*

The following selections are from high school English teacher Richard Lederer's book *Anguished English: An Anthology of Accidental Assaults Upon Our Language*. All are untouched by any professional humorist.

We continue this quarter with selections from student history essays:

### FIFTEENTH CENTURY, B.C.:

"Pharoah forced the Hebrew slaves to make bread without straw. Moses led them to the Red Sea, where they made unleavened bread, which is bread made without any ingredients. Afterwards, Moses went up on Mount Cyanide to get the ten commandments. He died before he ever reached Canada."



### SEVENTEENTH CENTURY:

Later, the Pilgrims crossed the ocean, and this was called Pilgrim's Progress. The winter of 1620 was a hard one for the settlers. Many people died and many babies were born. Captain John Smith was responsible for all this.

### NINETEENTH CENTURY:

"Abraham Lincoln became America's greatest Precedent. Lincoln's mother died in infancy, and he was born in a log cabin which he built with his own hands. When Lincoln was president, he wore only a tall silk hat. He said, "In onion there is strength."

*Anguished English* is published in the South by Wyrick and Co., 1A Pinckney Street, Charleston, South Carolina 29402. ★



Tom Landess is on leave from the *Partisan* while occupying a post with the government in Washington. Matthew Sandel will be standing in for our Associate editor during his absence.



TOM  
LANDESS

# T · R · I · V · I · U · M ·

## A Few Notes On The Upcoming Battle...

Anyone over 45 remembers a time when America's schools were quiet and orderly places where the moral values of the community were taught along with the Three R's. Most of us know that such is no longer the case. For even in the South today, many schools are the breeding grounds for misbehavior and rebellion. But I wonder how many Southerners understand just how deep into the dark wood we have strayed in recent years.

One of the ways to find out is to examine what is being taught in our classrooms about sex, a subject that has always been viewed as a matter of communal morality — at least since the time of the Greeks and Israelites. Thirty years ago if you found sex education in the classroom at all it was a clinical discussion of the human reproductive system — what is contemptuously called by current sex educators "an organ recital."

In case you didn't know it, that kind of program is now regarded as useless and passé — a quaint relic of the past.

So what kind of sex education programs are being offered in our schools? Let me offer three examples, just to put the problem into perspective.

1. In a curriculum called *About Your Sexuality*, author Deryk Calderwood says that one of the objects of his program is "To make clear that sexual relationships with the same sex during youth are normal..." To that end he includes in his program tape cassettes of homosexual men and lesbians, describing their experiences in positive terms. He also includes highly explicit color slides of heterosexual and homosexual couples engaged in every conceivable behavior. This program is one of the most highly successful now on the market and has been used in public and private schools

nationwide. It is published by the Unitarian church and has been recommended by the Episcopal Church's Task Force on Human Sexuality. It probably fits the legal definition of obscenity in all Southern states, but if you looked, you might find it in your local high school right now.

2. *Mutual Caring, Mutual Sharing*, a curriculum funded by the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, not only takes the typical view of sex educators that heterosexual activity among teenagers is natural and good, but it also makes the assertion that "gay and lesbian adolescents [are] perfectly normal and that their sexual attraction to members of the same sex [is] healthy."
3. Project 10, which thus far seems to be confined to the Los Angeles County public school system, is an officially recognized and funded program that endorses and promotes homosexuality among high school students. Directed by Virginia Uribe, an avowed lesbian teacher, it offers support, encouragement and cash awards to those students who are proud of their homosexuality and who contribute to the cause of "gay rights." Project 10 has been so successful that it is being touted as a model program for adoption nationwide.

If you are shocked and incredulous after reading these descriptions, then let me assure you that you have been spared the more sordid and offensive details of contemporary sex education. Young people in many of our schools have been exposed to coarser and more explicit materials by the age of 15 than their grandparents saw in a lifetime, even those who were in the Armed Services overseas. To give you some idea of what I mean, the Calderwood course described above is recommended for Junior High School students — that is, youngsters 12-14 years of age.

So why haven't parents just raised hell with educators who push such materials on unsuspecting and often disgusted students? The answer is simple: because many sex education teachers make sure that parents don't know what's going on.

Note the following quotes from several

sex education programs:

- "Caution: Participants should not be given extra copies of the form to show to their parents or friends. Many of the materials of this program shown to people outside the context of the program itself, can evoke misunderstanding and difficulties."  
(How to Begin the Program, in *About Your Sexuality*, by Deryk Calderwood.)
- "But after further conversations with sex educators and assessing our experience with teens and parents in other settings, we determined that it was unrealistic to expect parents to participate. Furthermore, we wondered if it made sense for the teens to have their parents participating when one of the primary developmental tasks for teens is to separate from their parents..."  
(*Mutual Caring, Mutual Sharing*, by Cooper Thompson, p. 6)
- "Do not put yourself in a position where you have to reveal the real contents of your material. Supplemental materials circumvent parental, board and principal approval. The teacher has total control when she relies on supplemental texts."  
(transcript of a workshop conducted by a Southern sex educator)

So what's going on here? To put it as plainly as possible, it is *subversion* — a deliberate attempt to alter the moral vision of a nation. And a number of powerful groups are openly collaborating with one another to bring this change about.

And don't think that Southern states are exempt from these forces. South Carolina, Arkansas, and Mississippi are only the most recent target states. Before the fight is won or lost, every state in the region will have to defend traditional Western values or else surrender to the advocates of the New Morality.

So if you have been watching and waiting for the Battle of Armageddon to begin, this may just be it. ★

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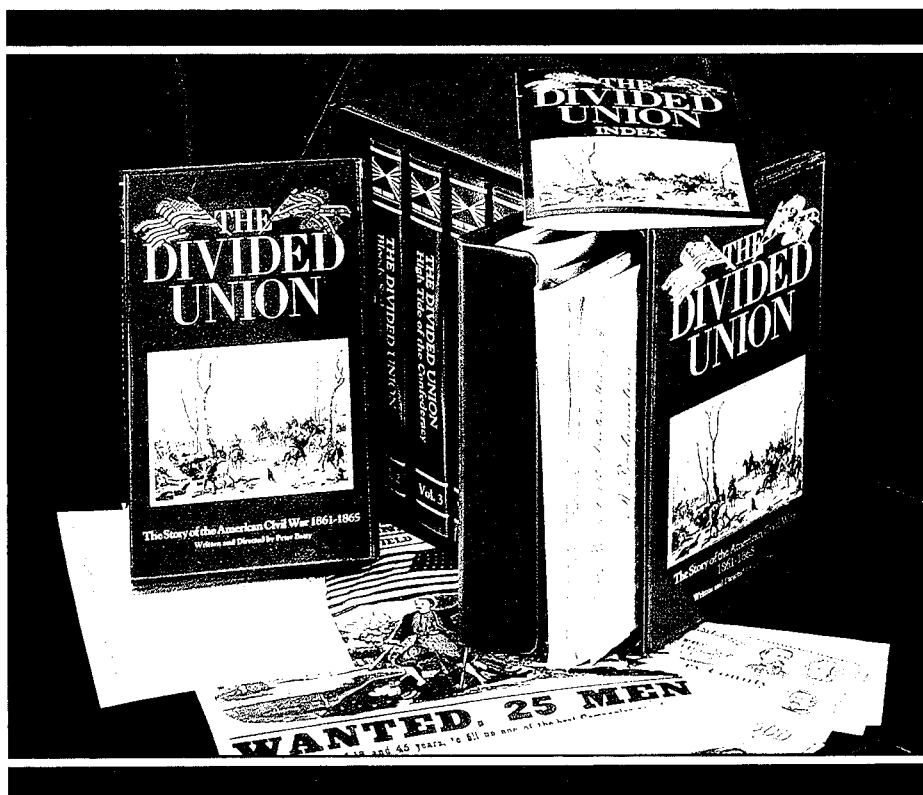
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1989 WINTER ISSUE **SOUTHERN PARTISAN 9**





# OBITER Dicta

## Fly Your Confederate Flag

Devereaux Cannon, whose new book *The Flags of the Confederacy* is easily the most authoritative single work ever published on the subject, has given us the following list of dates when flying the Confederate Flag would be especially appropriate (of course, to make sure none of these dates are missed, you might just want to leave it up all the time).

### JANUARY

- 1 New Year's Day
- 9 Mississippi Secession Day
- 10 Florida Secession Day
- 19 Robert E. Lee Day and Georgia Secession Day
- 26 Louisiana Secession Day

### FEBRUARY

- 8 Confederacy Day\*
- 22 Confederate Constitution Day\*

### MARCH

- 2 Texas Independence Day
- 4 Confederate Flag Day\*

### APRIL

- 17 Virginia Secession Day
- 26 Confederate Memorial Day (Alabama, Florida, Georgia & Mississippi)

### MAY

- 1 Stainless Banner Day
- 6 Arkansas Secession Day
- 10 Confederate Memorial Day (North Carolina & South Carolina)
- 20 North Carolina Independence Day
- 30 Confederate Memorial Day (Virginia)

### JUNE

- 3 Jefferson Davis Day and also Confederate Memorial Day in Kentucky, Louisiana and Tennessee
- 24 Tennessee Secession Day

### JULY

- 4 American Independence Day
- 10 Confederate States/Creek Nation Treaty
- 12 Confederate States/Choctaw and Chickasaw Nations Treaty

### AUGUST

- 1 Confederate States/Seminole Nation Treaty
- 12 Confederate States/Comanche Treaty

### SEPTEMBER

- 15 Battle Flag Day

### OCTOBER

- 2 Confederate States/Osage Treaty
- 3 C.S./Seneca, Shawnee and Quapaw Treaties
- 7 Confederate States/Cherokee Nation Treaty
- 31 Missouri Secession Day

### NOVEMBER

- 20 Kentucky Secession Day

### DECEMBER

- 20 South Carolina Secession Day

In addition to the days shown, there may be special days observed in the several States, such as Confederate Heroes' Day on January 19 in Texas and Nathan Bedford Forrest Day on July 13 in Tennessee. Any such days would also be proper occasions for the display of the flag.

A number of the holidays mentioned above are marked by [\*]. These days are explained below.

**CONFEDERACY DAY:** February 8th is the anniversary of the date in 1861 on which the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America was formed in Montgomery, Alabama.

**CONFEDERATE CONSTITUTION DAY:** February 22nd marks the date in 1862 when Jefferson Davis was inaugurated as the first president elected under the permanent Constitution of the Confederate States. With his inauguration, the Constitution went into effect. Davis, along with the Confederate Congress, had been elected at the general election held on November 6, 1861.

## CONFEDERATE FLAG

**DAY:** March 4th was the date in 1861 that the "Stars and Bars" became the first national flag of the Confederate States. On that same date in 1865 the last Confederate flag became official.

## Roll, Alabama, Roll

The vote was finally taken on Alabama State representative Alvin Holmes' bill to take down the Confederate Flag in Alabama. The flag won by a lopsided 74-21.

Eight days later, the Federal District Court in Alabama ruled that the display of the Battle Flag did not violate the constitutional rights of those claiming to be "offended" by the symbol.

After all this controversy, the good people of Alabama settled back to enjoy the Miss Alabama USA Pageant on television. The theme this year? You guessed it. The Old South, complete with Confederate uniforms, hoop skirts and a certain scarlet and blue banner with stars arranged in a noble cross. Let us pray that the embattled flag will fare as well in South Carolina, Georgia, and Mississippi, where controversies are still raging. Stay tuned.



## Martin Makes Up

North Carolina's Governor Jim Martin has been criticized on these pages for "wimping out" on the Battle Flag issue. He banned the sale of Confederate Battle Flag licence plates (see *Obiter Dicta* Summer 1988).

Now the chief executive tarheel seems to be trying to atone for his sins. By executive proclamation, he designated March 4, 1989 as Confederate Flag Day. His eloquent proclamation, in part, reads as follows:

"... over 125,000 North Carolinians served bravely under the various flags of the Confederacy—more than any other state. Of these, 40,000 perished. North Carolina troops were the first in combat at the Battle of Bethel, farthest to the front at Gettysburg, and the last at Appomattox Courthouse.

Now, therefore, I, James G. Martin, Governor of the State of North Carolina, do hereby proclaim March 4, 1989 as "Confederate Flag Day" in North Carolina, and urge our citizens to reflect upon our State's history during those tragic years and to honor those who served North Carolina under those banners."

Very good, Governor. Now if you'll just put those license plates back on sale all will be forgotten.

## Frankly Scarlett ...

They grow a lot of yams in North Carolina (40% of the U.S. crop) and elsewhere in the South. We like 'em candied and mashed up into pies or just plain hot roasted dripping with butter. A traditional joy of Southern life untouched by Yankee reformers.

Well, that's not quite true anymore. Not long ago the federal authorities decreed that the common Southern sweet potato must not be referred to as yams, even though the farmers of North Carolina had formed a state commission for yams. You see, according to the bureaucrats, real yams come only

from Africa where they have bark-like skin and grow as big as crocodiles. Southerners would just have to call their yams by some other name.

Of course, the last thing farmers want is more trouble with the government. So the "yam" was dropped and the group renamed itself the North Carolina Sweet Potato Commission. Was that good enough? Nope. Now the Feds have issued a sub-decree. Sweet potatoes, they have ordered, must be spelled as one word.

At this writing, we understand the farmers reluctantly have decided to comply and have re-named their group the Sweetpotato Commission. Apparently, like Rhett Butler at the end of his rope, they just don't give a yam.

## Weakly Reader

For years and years, the *Weekly Reader* has published an interesting, well-written little newsletter for elementary school children. We remember it fondly from our own school days. Certainly the *Reader* has a finger on the pulse of this country, because their presidential poll has accurately predicted the winner in every presidential election for over 20 years.

We take it, therefore that the Lincoln Myth has finally overwhelmed educators and school children everywhere. This year, to celebrate Father Abraham's birth-

day, the *Reader* offered a large wall poster of the Emancipator's mournful image. *Partisan* reader Caroline Tiller wrote us and we have subsequently found a copy of it. In his hands we see freshly broken chains which trail off to form an abstract rendering of little black faces. How dramatic. How utterly specious.

If the *Weekly Reader* had really wanted to be instructive and to give the kids something to mull over, they could have written what is never pointed out in classrooms any more: that the Emancipation Proclamation did not apply to slaves owned outside the Confederacy (and there were many). Or else, more to the point, the *Weekly Reader* could have given the following reading to our children—from a letter A. Lincoln wrote to Horace Greely in August of 1862:

"If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it ... what I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps save the Union."

And he did save the Union, but some how the meaning of how he did it, why he did it and what he really believed has been lost. But that's okay with the *Weekly Reader*. The truth wouldn't sell very many posters.

## Tally-Tale

We announced last time that the good guys won the hotly contested battle over whether General Lee's field headquarters at Second Manassas was to become a Yankee



## FIGHTIN' WITH FORREST

By Charles Gordon Yeager

General Nathan Bedford Forrest's personal courage was matched only by his tactical genius, though he had no military training. In this historical novelization of Forrest's career, two Alabamians, Randy Rushton and Buck McCord, go to war and serve with Forrest in Tennessee, witnessing the bloody battles of the Civil War.

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For the Mall:

*Thurmond*, *Nickles*, and *Warner*.

In the tall grass not voting:

Bentsen, *Bond*, *Cochran*, *Danforth*, *Gramm*, *Helms*, Nunn, and Stennis.

(The Republicans are in italics).

Our thanks to Jerry Russell for this information. If your Senator is not listed above and you'd like to know how he or she voted, write us and we'll send you a complete tally.

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## Messages of March

March in the South usually offers a few early hints of Spring, a few breezy days, not cold, when the air smells fresh and new and you just can't help feeling a little optimistic, even if you don't know exactly why.

Well, this March, there were all kinds of reasons to feel hopeful. The Confederate Battle Flag won a big victory (See "Roll, Alabama, Roll" elsewhere in this section) and there were other signs of hope on the horizon. During the first week of March, both the Country Music and the Pop charts reported number one songs with remarkable messages.

The "top hit" for March on the pop charts is a ballad by *Mike and the Mechanics*, a British rock group. In the song ("The Living Years") the singer laments his father's death and his own failure to express his love for his father during "The Living Years." But now, the singer says, "I think I heard his echo in my baby's newborn tears." Then the song ends with this

exhortation: "When we open up a quarrel between the present and the past, we only sacrifice the future." You may recognize the quote, often used by those of us who have defended the Confederate Battle Flag. It is a quote verbatim from Winston Churchill, a source unfamiliar to most of our children today. So we have *Mike and the Mechanics* to thank for introducing our children to a few basic Western values.

Then, on the Country charts, we have a stirring example of undiluted Southern values. The number one Country song across the nation in March was "I Sang Dixie" by Dwight Yoakam.

In the lyrics, we are given the picture of a dying Southerner lying on the streets of Los Angeles. "The bottle had robbed him of all his rebel pride." Here are Yoakam's words:

"I sang way down yonder in the land of cotton, things down there aren't near as rotten as they are on this damned old L.A. street . . . I sang Dixie as he died . . . he fell limp against my side . . . now his soul is safe back home in Dixie."

If the songs we sing say anything about the status of our culture, there is hope. But of course, we knew that already. After all, the *Southern Partisan* is still in business and growing steadily.

---

## Capturing Richmond

In a recent issue of *Southeast* [Sic] *Real Estate News* the Rowe Development Company of Richmond, Virginia thought they were being cute when they ran the following heading in a promotional ad; "The Best Way to Capture Richmond Is From One of Our Strategic Locations." After a few photographs of some of their properties, they went on to say in their ad copy that they were a "national developer." Then, to really rub it in, they close the ad with "There hasn't been a better way to capture Richmond since 1865."

One of our readers, Gene

Hogan, sent this along to us with a note attached: "I say poor taste. What do you think?"

Well, we think that there is a long list of Yankee Generals who kept shouting "on to Richmond" only to be crushed in the attempt, their outfits in shambles, their careers ruined.

May the Rowe Development Company follow in that great tradition.

---

## Boston Bean-Bayog

Yes, her name really is Bean-Bayog. Dr. Margaret Bean-Bayog, a hyphenated female from Boston who is president of the American Society of Addiction Medicine.

Among hundreds of "experts" who came forward to judge former Senator John Tower's fitness to serve as Secretary of Defense, Dr. Bean-Bayog smugly decreed that Tower's pledge not to drink alcoholic beverages during his proposed tenure was "worth as much as a Confederate dollar."

We hope Dr. Bean-Bayog knows more about alcoholism than she does about Confederate dollars. A recent study has shown that the collector's demand for Confederate currency has caused the CSA dollar to retain its value (over a century of inflation) far better than the USA dollar, which is no longer enough to buy even a shot of good whiskey.

Frankly we were more concerned about Tower's alleged background as a contract lobbyist and a skirt-chaser. A mere drunk could never have raked in the kind of money Tower has since he left the Senate. Besides, sobriety has never been required of those who occupy positions of power in America. The Senior Senator from Dr. Bean-Bayog's home state is Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee.

## The Seat of Learning

Southerners have always known that the place to apply the board of education is to the seat of learning. Now the pollsters and statisticians have proven that there are indeed clear and measurable differences in values between the regions of America. Here are two good examples.

First, how would you answer this question: IF A PARENT HITS A CHILD WITH A BELT OR A SWITCH, NOT HARD ENOUGH TO LEAVE MARKS, IS THAT ABUSE?

The answer is "Yes" if you live in the Northeast, according to a nationwide poll taken by USA TODAY. (Over 52% of the Yankees in the poll said that a switching was child abuse.) But only 17.65% of Southerners answered "Yes" to the same question.

In Dixie, children are also much more likely to be paddled in school. Nationwide only 2.7% of the school children were paddled. The top ten states most likely to paddle were:

State	Percentage of Children Paddled
Arkansas	13.7%
Alabama	10.31%

Mississippi	10.30%
Tennessee	8.76%
Oklahoma	7.94%
Georgia	7.81%
Texas	7.79%
Florida	7.05%
South Carolina	5.56%
Louisiana	4.92%

If you ever wondered why Southern children have better manners than children from other regions, now you know. Of course, the USA TODAY study didn't tell us how many Yankee teachers get paddled every year by their students. You can bet the Top 10 list for school violence would be entirely different. ★

# SCALAWAG AWARD

## What is a scalawag?



The historical definition provided by most dictionaries is "a native white Southern Republican." That was a useful definition during the Reconstruction period. But it doesn't quite work now for obvious reasons.

Speaking vaguely, a scalawag is a rascal or a turncoat, an opportunist willing to betray his own people and his native values if the price is right. The flip side of that statement goes to the core of scalawagery. We can forgive ignorance or accident or even simple treachery. But a true scalawag is real hard to forgive because we know that he ought to know better.

It's the same type distinction your old Sunday School teacher used to make (if you had a good one) when asked whether people living in the jungle who had never read the Bible or heard about Jesus went to Hell when they died. No, we were told, because that wouldn't be fair. But if they knew better, if they had been exposed to the Gospel and still rejected Him, well, that was another matter altogether.

So it is with scalawags. And who, of all people, should know the South any better than the Center for the Study of Southern Culture at the University of Mississippi? Surely they

know that 90% of the Southerners who fought in the War never owned slaves; and they must also know that Robert E. Lee was opposed to slavery, morally and politically, long before the first shot was fired; and of course they know that States' Rights was a central, powerful issue in the minds of the leaders of the Old South.

No, as it turns out, the authorities at the Center don't know any of this—or if they do they've decided to play dumb, maybe to get along with their Governor who enjoys collaborating with Hollywood producers even when they portray all of Mississippi as a colony of demented murderers.

Partisan reader Charles Moore of Maryland sent us a newsclip recently on the conflicting claims that erupted this past January between those who celebrate Robert E. Lee Day as opposed to those who want to replace it with a celebration for Martin Luther King. Dr. Charles R. Wilson, identified as "a historian" with the Mississippi Center for the Study of Southern Culture, had this to say:

"The symbolism is very powerful . . . Lee and Jackson were generals of a society that believed in slavery and King was the leader of a people in that

same region 100 years later who were trying to overturn the legacies of that Old South mentality . . . The danger, I think, is that in my experience, people still involved in the Confederacy have convinced themselves that the War was not about slavery but about states' rights."

So the tidbits of history tossed out at the Center for the Study of Southern Culture in Mississippi are taken directly from the Revised Standard Yankee Version. And that brings us back to the point about people who ought to know better.

In giving our Scalawag this issue, we are fudging just a little. We don't really know whether or not Dr. Wilson is a native Southerner. He may well have his Ph.D. stashed away in a carpetbag. But we do know that he is a pathetic spokesman for Mississippi's Center for the Study of Southern Culture.

To be safe, therefore, we extend our Scalawag to Dr. Wilson and/or any Southerner at the Center who has not suggested that Wilson should dispatch his resume to Orion Pictures. They are far more apt to accept his credentials as a historian when they begin filming Mississippi Burning II. ★





## ALABAMA

It was bound to happen, and this may be just the beginning.

The white folks in Birmingham have hauled black Mayor Richard Arrington and his government into court for practicing racial discrimination. The plaintiffs argue that by maintaining an at-large system of electing council members, the blacks are denying whites representation in city government. The whole matter may end up in the Supreme Court, where there are several precedents that should work in behalf of the plaintiffs.

Meanwhile, the rumor persists that Arrington intends to make while folks enter city hall by the back door.

### May

Cajun Crawfish Festival  
(May 6)  
Mobile, Alabama

Alabama Jubilee Hot Air Balloon Classic  
(May 27-29)  
Decatur, Alabama

### June

Alabama June Jubilee  
(June 10)  
Fort Payne, Alabama

6th Annual Confederate Games  
(June 11-12)  
Dolphin Island, Alabama

## ARKANSAS

Here comes Bill Clinton again—a smile on his wrinkled, boyish face—asking for new taxes—this time \$211 million. And what does he want it for?

# CSA T.O.D.A.Y

Well, mostly for education. And who can be against education? Or against the politician who favors it?

Fortunately, a growing number of people are realizing that money won't solve the problems now facing American education. The U.S. now spends more money per capita for education than any other industrial nation in the world (with the possible exception of Canada); and we get the lowest possible yield for our investment. All over the South politicians have persuaded their legislatures and electorate to spend unprecedented amounts for schools with little or nothing to show for the sacrifice. Drop-outs continue at a high level, grades continue at a low level; disciplinary problems abound (see Mississippi). Most people realize that money is not the answer.

Yet here comes Bill Clinton again—a smile on his wrinkled, boyish face—asking for new taxes, this time \$211 million.

### May

15th Annual War Eagle Mill Antique & Craft Show  
(May 5-7)  
War Eagle, Arkansas  
(501) 789-5343

15th Annual band, Fiddler & Jig Dance Contests  
(May 27)  
Salem, Arkansas  
(501) 895-3221

### June

31st Annual IRA Championship Rodeo  
(June 1-3)  
Calico Rock, Arkansas  
(501) 297-4211

3rd Annual Spring River Bluegrass Festival  
(June 23-24)  
Hardy, Arkansas  
(501) 932-2981



## FLORIDA

Governor Bob Martinez has regained a good deal of his lost popularity as the result of hanging tough during the last days of the Bundy saga. Martinez was in trouble with Floridians for his flip-flop on taxes, and it appeared as if he was doomed to follow in the footsteps of his Republican predecessor, Claude Kirk, who was elected, made an ass out of himself, and lost the next time out.

But Martinez made Floridians proud of him, by speaking firmly and unequivocally in favor of justice and by rejecting Bundy's last-minute attempt to buy time by telling his sordid tale. Martinez apparently grasped the importance of that moment, when public opinion hung in the balance; and he branded Bundy's ploy for what it was—a final, vicious exploitation of the victims Bundy has murdered and then desecrated.

The results of Martinez's strong stance were remarkable: a greater number of demonstrators in favor of capital punishment than against it, and an uncharacteristic silence on the part of the press, which usually dramatizes the anguish of the condemned while ignoring his victims and their grieving families. Martinez may have helped American turn the corner in its journey towards sanity; and if so, then maybe people can forgive him for that tax business.

### May

Palm Harbor Day  
(May 6)  
Palm Harbor, Florida  
(813) 676-5443



Fiesta of Five Flags  
(May 6-14)  
Pensacola, Florida  
(904) 433-6512

**June**  
Charge of the Yellow Rice Brigade  
(June 10)  
Tampa, Florida  
(813) 247-1434



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## GEORGIA

Savannah is getting so progressive that pretty soon it may just secede from Georgia and become the Southern tip of New York.

First, they have turned their educational problems over to a kind of "super agency" called the New Futures Authority that is going to bypass ordinary school procedures and put their own counsellors and case workers into schools to solve problems like teenage sexuality. The New Futures Authority was started on a \$10 million matching grant from the Annie Casey Foundation; and one of its objectives is to teach teenaged girls about birth control so they won't get pregnant.

Then, too, Savannah is introducing electronic anklets to monitor people convicted of misdemeanors. Wearing such bracelets, they could be sentenced to stay at home rather than sent to jail, and that would ease crowding in the jails and make way for the more dangerous criminals.

Now let's see: How much could we save if we got rid of all those case-workers and put electronic anklets on those teenaged girls. . . .

**May**  
The Civil War [sic] Revisited  
(May 6)  
Atlanta, Georgia  
(404) 261-1837

Cottin Pickin' Country Fair  
(May 6-7)  
Gay, Georgia  
(404) 538-6814

Memorial Day Observance  
(May 28)  
Andersonville, Georgia  
(912) 924-0343

**June**  
Sheep to Shawl  
(June 3)  
Atlanta, Georgia  
(404) 238-0652  
  
Pioneer Skill Days  
(June 10)  
Nicholls, Georgia  
(912) 384-7082



---

## KENTUCKY

Well, they're going to bury Floyd Collins again, and this time we hope he'll stay buried. In case you're not old enough to remember, Floyd got stuck in a cave in 1925, and all the nation followed the story daily as rescuers tried to dig him out. They didn't make it in time; and he died far below the ground, listening to the lusty sounds from above, where the crowds had turned the grim vigil into a carnival.

When rescuers finally got to the body, they brought it out, buried it; and then, realizing they were missing a good thing, dug it up again and put it on public display. The body was stolen, dumped along the banks of the Green River, and then put back on display again.

But no more. The family has finally called a halt to all this exploitation.

"The time has come to let him rest in peace," said Donnie Collins, the late Floyd's great nephew. "He deserves it after all these years."

It seems that Floyd will find his final resting place in the Mammoth Cave National Park, which seems like a good choice, though it was in Sand Cave that he met his famous end.

"He'll be buried in a cemetery on the National Park grounds in late March," Donnie said. "We're not sure exactly when it will be, but there's no rush after all this time. He's still dead."

How like Floyd! After all these years he's still good for a laugh.

**May**  
Mule Day  
(May 6)  
Madisonville, Kentucky  
(502) 322-8895  
  
Kentucky Derby  
(May 6)  
Louisville, Kentucky  
(502) 636-3541  
  
Mint Julep Pattern Meet  
(May 13-14)  
Rough River Dam SRP  
(502) 257-2311

**June**  
Seed Time on the Cumberland  
(June 3-4)  
Whitesburg, Kentucky  
(606) 633-0180

Jefferson Davis Birthday Celebration  
(June 4)  
Fairview, Kentucky  
(502) 886-1765

Free Fishing Days  
(June 10-11)  
Frankfort, Kentucky  
(502) 564-4336



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## LOUISIANA

In Deridder, Charles A. Foggie and an accomplice barged into a convenience store owned by Clyde Hunt with the intent of robbing him at gun point. But in the excitement of it all, Foggie dropped his gun and Hunt went for his. Then Foggie grabbed the ultimate weapon, one that the convenience store industry has long feared would be put into use: a can of carrots.

Foggie clobbered Hunt with the carrot can, then grabbed Hunt's gun and fled.

When apprehended and brought to trial, Foggie pleaded guilty to a charge of armed robbery.

If you don't believe us, you call



down to the police in Deridder and ask. *They'll* tell you.

### **May**

Contraband Days  
(May 2-14)  
Lake Charles, Louisiana  
(318) 436-5508

Cajun Country Outdoor Opry  
(May 19-21)  
Houma, Louisiana  
(504) 872-0297

### **June**

Church Point Buggy Festival  
(June 3-4)  
Church Point, Louisiana  
(318) 684-5435

Kaycee Fishing Rodeo  
(June 23-25)  
Houma, Louisiana  
(504) 868-3698

Possum Festival  
(June 24)  
Arcadia, Louisiana  
(318) 263-8286



## **MARYLAND**

If you think the Willie Horton parole was a disgrace, you ought to hear the saga of Maryland's Patuxent psychiatric prison. First there was the case of one Robert Daly Angell, a triple murderer who, for reasons known only to his keepers, was allowed to take 11 "unsupervised furloughs," and he wasn't the only one. A convicted rapist, while on a work release program, fled and has since been charged with—you guessed it—rape again.

At present the legislature is arguing over just how tough the new regulations should be. Some say that murderers and rapists should not even be allowed to enter Patuxent, which is, by everyone's admission, a pretty loose ship. Other say they need to strengthen the Board of Review so that it would take seven out of nine votes for a cookie thief to get so much as a whiff of

fresh air. Still others think that anybody who goes in should come out feet first—or not at all.

But one thing is certain: Angell is not going to back on the streets anytime soon, not and undermine Gov. Schaefer's chances to become president.

### **May**

Baby Fest  
(May 5-7)  
Baltimore, Maryland  
(301) 727-2229

Victorian Days Architectural Tours  
(May 6-7)  
Cumberland, Maryland  
(301) 722-8344

### **June**

'89 World's Flag Flotilla  
(June 7)  
Williamsport, Maryland  
(Fort Fredrick)  
(301) 387-4282

'89 World's Flag Flotilla  
(June 14)  
Cumberland, Maryland  
(301) 387-4282

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## **MISSISSIPPI**

If you think that things are no worse than they always were, then take a look at what's happening in Gulfport, Mississippi.

Recently, three high schools have announced a new precautionary measure to insure a greater degree of safety in the classroom: they are installing metal detectors to stop students from bringing weapons to school. Henceforth youngsters in Gulfport will have to go through the same kind of screening that airline passengers undergo before boarding a flight.

If you think this is merely adult hysteria, be advised that Gulfport schools are taking this unprecedented step because recently students have shown up packing pistols. Officials are having nightmares about ambushes at recess and gunfights in the restrooms. Meanwhile, in California, where all trends originate, Watts parents are refusing

to send their children to school because they say armed gangs have completely taken over some campuses, while officials stand helplessly by. So if things are much worse in Gulfport than they were back when you went to school, they are still not as bad as they are in California and New York—if that's any consolation.

### **May**

Gum Tree Festival  
(May 13-14)  
Tupelo, Mississippi  
(601) 841-6521

Jimmie Rodgers Festival  
(May 20-27)  
Meridian, Mississippi  
(601) 693-1306

### **June**

Blueberry Jubilee  
(June 10)  
Poplarville, Mississippi  
(601) 795-2252

National Tobacco Spitting Contest  
(June 24)  
Billy John Crumton's Farm  
Raleigh, Mississippi

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## **MISSOURI**

Faced with four more years of Republicans in the White House, depression is apparently common among civil rights leaders.

In St. Louis, veteran civil rights activist Ivory Perry even refused to comfort his 24 year old son who was contemplating suicide.

You will be pleased to know that young Reginald decided not to do himself in. However, that was not good news for Dad, whom Reggie stabbed to death recently. His explanation to police: "He didn't care if I committed suicide, so I stabbed him." Reginald Perry now faces a first-degree murder charge.

### **May**

Valley of Flowers Festival  
(May 5-7)  
Florissant, Missouri  
(314) 837-0033

Lewis and Clark Rendezvous  
(May 19-21)  
St. Charles, Missouri  
(314) 946-7776

### June

25th Annual National Ragtime  
Festival  
(June 7-11)  
St. Louis, Missouri  
(314) 621-3311

National Tom Sawyer Days  
(June 30-July 4)  
Hannibal, Missouri  
(314) 221-2477



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## NORTH CAROLINA

If you want to see the world's weirdest car, go to Stanley, North Carolina and check out the parking lot of Cronland Hardware store, where Reggie Stone has parked his 1968 Ford Falcon. In the first place, it's got a toilet float coming out of the hood, right over the left front wheel. It's also got light bulbs, water faucets, and a 6,000 BTU air conditioner, as well as a satellite dish, bells, horns, whistles, and an ice cream churn that actually churns ice cream. As a matter of fact, every thing on Reggie's car works, except maybe the "ejector seat," and we wouldn't be surprised if that didn't work too, particularly after watching Reggie drive down the street, squirting passersby with a 20-foot stream of water, while he blows his ah-oo-gah horn.

Ol' Reggie will let you mess around with his car just so long, and then from inside the hardware store he will activate the tape recorder and a voice will boom out, "Get away from that car!"

(You'll never guess which flag he's got painted on the roof.)

### May

218th Anniversary of the Battle of

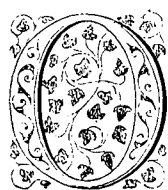
Alamance  
(May 16)  
Burlington, North Carolina  
(919) 227-4785

Old Time Fiddler's & Bluegrass  
Festival  
(May 26-28)  
Union Grove, North Carolina  
(704) 539-4417

### June

Beaufort Old Homes Tour  
(June 23-24)  
Beaufort, North Carolina  
(919) 728-5225

State Annual Singing Convention  
(June 24-25)  
Benson, North Carolina  
(919) 894-3975



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## OKLAHOMA

Jack Bartrug is from the north side of Oklahoma City. But he thinks the water tastes better on the South side, where he plays golf at Earlywine Park.

So one day after a round, he decided to fill up a few jugs with that fine Southern water.

But there was a problem with Bartrug's harmless act—Earlywine is a city owned golf course managed by municipal bureaucrats, and according to them, dipping in the water well is "against the rules".

Mr. Bartrug was told to cease and desist filling his jugs in Earlywine or the police would be called.

Back at home with his contraband water, Bartrug decided to set things straight. After consulting the water department for prevailing rates, he mailed a check to the Earlywine bureaucrat for the correct amount of three cents, establishing a precedent of paying more than a penny for his draughts.

I guess Bartrug got his two cents worth.

### May

Strawberry Festival  
(May 13)  
Stillwell, Oklahoma  
(918) 696-7222

Big 8 Baseball Championship  
(May 17-21)  
OKC (All Sports Stadium)  
(405) 236-5000

### June

Pecan Festival  
(June 15-17)  
Okmulgee, Oklahoma

U.S. Olympic Festival Torch Run  
(June 17-July 21)  
Statewide  
(405) 236-1989



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## SOUTH CAROLINA

A Taylors, South Carolina man wanted to put the excitement back into his marriage. One night, he grabbed his petite wife, and tied her to the bed in their Connor Mobile Home. Then he dashed into the bedroom, only to reappear moments later in a Superman underwear outfit complete with cape.

The young woman, bound hand and foot, giggled as he climbed a ladder back chair at the foot of the bed, then leapt into the air. However a 52" ceiling fan dangling above the bed proved to be more powerful than *this* Man of Steel. He smacked his head and fell to the floor, knocked out cold.

His wife was unable to free herself, so she screamed and screamed until neighbors called authorities. Police and Emergency Medical Service units arrived on the scene to find the caped crusader unconscious on the floor, and his embarrassed Lois Lane tied firmly to the bedposts.

We're not sure what lesson this story teaches us. But we understood that the lady still insists that her

man is indeed super, even with a big, blue knot on his forehead.

### May

Jubilee Arts Festival  
(May 6)  
Bennettsville, South Carolina  
(803) 479-2327

Old Farm Days Show  
(May 6-7)  
Pendleton, South Carolina  
(803) 656-2041

### June

Edisto River Festival  
(June 10-11)  
Walterboro, South Carolina  
(803) 549-9595

Mighty Moo Festival  
(June 15-17)  
Cowpens, South Carolina  
(803) 463-4038



## TENNESSEE

Mark Haskins of Chattanooga was angry when he was awakened at 6:30 AM by a loud blast of music from the apartment below him. He lay in bed, listening to the racket and feeling the walls vibrate. After 45 minutes Haskins could stand it no longer. With a bellow of rage he jumped out of bed, grabbed his trusty Frankfort .223-caliber assault rifle from under his bed, and began banging the butt on the floor.

The result: he shot his upstairs neighbor in the leg.

When asked how he happened to do this, Haskins—an off-duty police officer—said he didn't know the gun was loaded. The last we heard, they were all three still living in the same apartment building.

### May

Smokey Mountain Doll Show & Sale  
(May 6)  
Exhibition Center  
World's Fair Site

Trashbash (food, entertainment, parade)  
(May 13)  
Exhibition Center  
World's Fair Site

### June

Monticola Day Reenactment  
(June 2-3)  
Monticola, Tennessee

Confederate Memorial Service  
(June 3-4)  
Nashville, Tennessee

## TEXAS

Animal rights advocates intend to make their stand in Texas, where they believe armadillos are being gratuitously killed on the state's highways.

"We intend to push for legislation that will make it just as serious a matter to run over animals as it is to run over a human being," said Madge Despris, president of the Texas chapter of Equal Rights for Animals (ERFA). "We feel that every motorist who carelessly destroys the life of an armadillo should be subject to criminal investigation by the state highway patrol. ERFA intends to introduce model legislation here and then replicate it nationwide."

When asked if she believed the life of an armadillo was as valuable as the life of a human being, she replied, "I really can't judge between the two," she said. "But I will point out that no armadillo, or for that matter any other animal, has polluted the environment or started worldwide wars or killed people to make coats."

Mrs. Despris, a 54-year-old widow, says the organization plans to spend a half million dollars if necessary to get the bill on the floor of the Texas legislature. She claims that her organization has a membership of over 800 in the Lone Star State, and over 10,000 nationwide. But a state official, who asked to remain anonymous, said that the organization had fewer than ten members and was not even incorporated in Texas.



## VIRGINIA

Berkeley Roberts of Portsmouth reminded the good people of Virginia that there is only one *real* state holiday to celebrate in January.

As the other side orchestrated their marches and memorized the "I Have a Dream" speech, Roberts was realizing a dream of his own. On January 23, as some took to the streets, he went on the air. In simple 30-second television spots with the strains of Dixie playing softly in the background, the citizens of the Old Dominion were reminded of their duty to honor General Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

Roberts placed the spots on eight stations in 1989, but plans to expand to fifteen stations in 1990. Those interested in assisting Mr. Roberts with his efforts may contact him at:

Virginia Heritage Group  
Post Office Box 5246  
Portsmouth, Virginia  
23703-1246.

### May

45th Annual Bristol Steer and Heifer Show  
(May 2-3)  
Abingdon, Virginia  
(703) 628-2161

Fourth Annual George Mason Day at Gunston Hall  
(May 7)  
Fairfax County, Virginia  
(703) 550-9220

### June

Annual Confederate Memorial Service  
(June 6)  
Winchester, Virginia  
(703) 662-6417

The Gathering: 18th Century Arts & Crafts Demonstration  
(June 10)  
Yorktown, Virginia  
(804) 887-1776 ★



# A LONG FAREWELL

## The Southern Valedictories of 1860-1861

By M.E. Bradford

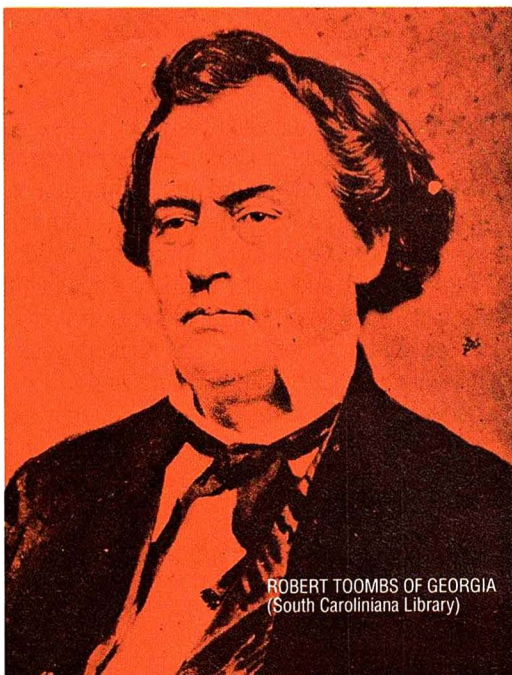
*M.E. Bradford reminds us that "secession was about the Constitution...and not a rejection of it." In these excerpts taken from a lecture Professor Bradford delivered at Arlington National Cemetery, we see that the Southerners who left the Union explained their course with logic that continues to hold great power for our time....*

As we conclude bicentennial celebration of the drafting and adoption of the Constitution of the United States, it may be hoped that we have finally arrived at the proper moment for looking back and appreciating the importance of those even more-heated discussions of the document which occurred in the nation's capital during what Henry Adams called the "great secession winter" of 1860-1861. Those exchanges took place in an atmosphere dramatically colored by contemporary disputes concerning the origins, true meaning and continuing authority of that fundamental law as do the equivalent conversations of our day. For the relation between current arguments and those of one hundred twenty-eight years ago is direct and unmistakable. The connection is one which reminds this generation of the special status of the Constitution as symbol and sovereign authority over us: as the structure/process/compact to which all Americans swear allegiance in place of king or people. For Southerners the moment for this retrospection is even more propitious in that many of our countrymen are now, as never before, prepared to penetrate the curtains of their own inherited mythology, and discover in the process how prescient our Southern forefathers were in predicting what would happen once they gave up on "the Union as it was, the Constitution

as it is." The paradox which I here explore — as significant now as it was when South Carolina seceded in December of 1860 — is the one defined in March of that year by Senator Robert Toombs of Georgia when he asserted to his fellow senators that it would be "treason to the Constitution" to "maintain a political connection between the sections" once the predicate for that connection had been "annulled" or "overthrown." What, we must ask, are the present implications of this position vis a vis the Constitution which the South, through the official statements of its emissaries to the United States Senate, assumed in the very act of separating itself from its sister commonwealths above the old surveyors line? For, contrary to what we are taught by the most recent generation of radical historians, *secession was about the Constitution, a positive commentary or reading. And, as Southerners took pains to specify, not a rejection of it.*

We can read the major valedictory orations of the South's spokesmen in the old *Congressional Globe*: Toombs, on January 7, 1861; then several almost forgotten addresses from D.L. Yulee and Stephen R. Mallory of Florida, C.C. Clay, Jr., and Benjamin Fitzpatrick of Alabama; then later, at the end of the series on January 21, 1861, Senator Jefferson Davis of Mississippi. I will return to Davis' summary performance in concluding these remarks. There were, of course, other speeches given in this series, some of them in the Senate and some elsewhere. Closely related to the Senate orations were a number of apologies for secession prepared by state secession conventions. Or given in the Southern legislatures. Or out of doors. But the January series from the United States Senate is a sufficient sample for our purposes on this occasion. No more characteristic speech has survived for our examination from those times — no speech more definitive of the watershed Southerners crossed when they surrendered an identity which they believed had been stolen from them: no speech that embodied better the continuity of that crossing with their devotion to a federal conception of the fundamental law, and of the liberty of the citizen secured by it.

The farewell orations of January 1861 were, in several instances, majestic public performances — political "theater" of a high order. In most cases they were expected in advance and well attended, social events, with the Senate chamber crowded and uncomfortably close, men standing against the wall and ladies dressed to the nines seated everywhere, even (in crinoline skirts) in the aisles. Most were given from prepared texts and printed in "official" versions. They gave a lofty and deliberate formality to the process of secession, sounding a note of finality while at the same time fixing the event within the acknowledged traditions of American politics. Such usage guaranteed that appropriate attention would be given to these remarks and resulted in their being received with generosity and disinterestedness by spokesmen for mod-



ROBERT TOOMBS OF GEORGIA  
(South Caroliniana Library)



erate opinion in the North.

The speech by Senator Robert Toombs of Georgia, like its author, was more vituperative than those which followed it. Moreover, it is special in that it came before Georgia left the Union, and only foreshadowed that event. Toombs' principal point was not slavery (which he agreed might someday be abolished) but self-government, the value of courtesy between the sections, and the sanctity of those liberties for members of the existing political community which the Constitution puts beyond the reach of legislative authority acting on its own. All of which considerations have required a choice for secession. His peroration is memorable:

**"Restore us these rights as we have had them, as your court adjudges them to be, just as all our people have said they are; redress those flagrant wrongs, seen of all men, and it will restore fraternity and peace, and unity to all of us. Refuse them, and what then? We shall then ask you, 'let us depart in peace.' Refuse that, and you present us war. We accept, and inscribing upon our banners the glorious words, 'liberty and equality,' we trust to the blood of the brave and the God of battles for security and tranquility."**

Toombs, we remember, had been a most hesitant, conditional secessionist. With the choice for disunion coming from men of this disposition, mere talk of secession was at an end. It was concluded for specific reasons connected with the Southern understanding of the American Revolution, in behalf of the "liberty and equality" of the people of the South as a group, as opposed to any suggestion of anterior individual



DAVID L. YULEE OF FLORIDA  
(Florida State Archives)

rights.

The farewells to Union delivered by other Southern senators coming after Toombs, men called home by the withdrawal of their states from the plural oneness invented by the Framers, are in every case reluctant performances. Not embarrassed or half-hearted, but, even so, reluctant! They suggest no gleeful separation, nor even any rancor at its



STEPHEN R. MALLORY OF FLORIDA  
(Florida State Archives)

necessity. Neither do they repent of the decades spent within the Union by the communities for which they speak. To the contrary, they remember those happy days gone by with affection and nostalgia compounded by their recollection of the preconditions of such cooperative, untroubled felicity. Indeed, they lament the abrogation of that fraternity.

Senator Yulee speaks of a "grateful memory" of past connection and a just Southern pride in the "continued development" of the nation left behind. To this his colleague from Florida, Stephen Mallory, added, "from the Union governed by the Constitution as our Fathers made it, there breathes not a secessionist on [Florida's] soil [and that] we leave with profound regret, those whom we will cherish in our hearts, and whose names will be hallowed by our children [as] true friends of the Constitution." C.C. Clay, Jr. of Alabama is less ingratiating. But Benjamin Fitzpatrick is quiet and pleasant in his departure. And Jefferson Davis insists that he carries with him "no hostile remembrance." Yet no one is more emphatic than Davis about secession, or the link between that momentous decision and the South's belated determination to "recur to the principles upon which our government was founded": its observation of the original American bond of unity.

**A**nother ingredient in these elaborate farewells is less conciliatory, but part of the same rhetoric of reasonable constitutionalism. What I refer to now is the regular iteration of Southern objections to gratuitous verbal abuse — slander which reaches outside the Constitution for its authority, appeals to a "higher law"; and to the relation of such vilification to the possibility of a constitutional morality which will preserve the Union. Judah P. Benjamin of Louisiana declared that it was not so much what the Republicans and Abolitionists had done or might do as "the things they said" that made them a "pestiferous breed" — a people who hold "that the earth belongs to the Saints of the Lord," they themselves occupying that lofty station. Toombs had made the theme of rhetorical good manners (as opposed to righteous

self-aggrandizement) his own for more than a decade. Vocal "hatred of the South" could not be a ground for confederation. Moreover, his friend Alexander Stephens, soon to be Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, had long identified vituperative excess as the primary stimulant to disunion. In his view, to "put the institutions of nearly one-half of the states under the ban of public opinion and condemnation" was, as a "general principle" of political behavior, "quite enough of itself to arouse a spirit not only of general indignation but a revolt on the part of the proscribed."

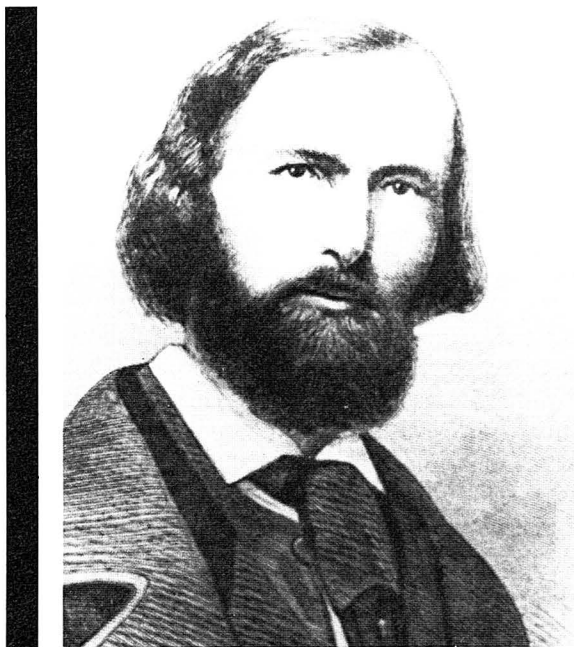
In 1861 Stephens' analysis of the inevitable consequences of Yankee distemper seemed especially cogent to most Southerners. All the high-flown outrage at Southern modes and orders expressed between 1819 and 1860 might legitimately have come into play during the deliberations which produced and approved our national Constitution, might have insisted on emancipation as a precondition of membership in the Union. Once disapproved and thus confronted, the South in 1787 might have gone its own way. But nothing of the kind occurred at that time. Passionate condemnation without regard to the commitments of honor which were objectified in the adoption of the Constitution inspired Jefferson Davis to tell an 1857 New York audience,

**"You have among you politicians of a philosophic turn who preach a high morality; a system of which they are the discoverers...They say, it is true that the Constitution dictates this, the Bible indicates that; but there is a higher law than those, and they call upon you to obey that higher law of which they are the inspired givers. Men who are traitors to the compact of the fathers — men who have perjured the oaths they have themselves taken — these are the moral law-givers who proclaim a higher law."**

The compromises with respect to slavery written into the political fabric of the United States were put into their place with men from all sections standing on both sides of every disputed point. Yet sustained acrimony toward slaveholders per se, or condemnation of their practice, played almost no role in the Framers' discussions, either in Philadelphia or in the ratifying conventions. As a matter of fact, as the great constitutional historian Max Farrand observes, "In 1787, slavery was not the important question, it might be said it was not the moral question that it later became." To draw the South into the Union on one set of terms and then, on the basis of subsequent personal illumination, berate it for insisting on self-determination concerning its domestic institutions, even though this was the approach agreed to by that original Union, and in those original terms; to then insist on a right to interpret the bond of Union on the basis of a sectional moral superiority; and finally to invoke the "religious mysticism" of Union to prevent Southerners from acting according to human nature in withdrawing their "offensive presence" from those affronted by it — all of this dynamic in the conduct of Northern politicians seemed outrageous and intolerable to a generation of Southern leaders who could not believe in the advantage of preserving the Constitution within that kind of Union and who therefore attempted to do it the other way. As they specified in leaving Washington City.

Yulee of Florida grounds his apology for secession in Northern "indulgence of unregulated moments of moral duty." Meaning, of course, that in a healthy political atmosphere such moments should be self-regulated for the sake of the common good. Given the animosity of recent disputes between the sections and the self-assurance of Northern spokesmen, Yulee wonders if the South could agree to a federal policy concerning any aspect of its conduct not covered by the original federal covenant and stop the process there, without facing the imposition of an unending series of such reformative innovations, inspired by ideological commitment or fanatical enthusiasm, requiring an ever growing central government. Could any community in the position of the South in January of 1861 run that risk?

Clement Clay of Alabama is more expansive than his colleague from Florida. He describes as a "declaration of war" the "libel" on Southern ways gathered in the rhetoric of the Republican platforms of 1856 and 1860. For, as Clay recognized, to label an adversary as a barbarian is in some measure to release yourself from the obligation to treat him in a civi-



CLEMENT C. CLAY, JR. OF ALABAMA  
(From the Collection of Alabama Dept. of Archives & History)

lized fashion: your obligation to respect his life and property, to say nothing of his opinions. Clay sees the Northern offense against constitutionalism as being primarily linguistic, not historical or interpretive: the exertion of "all the moral and physical agencies that human ingenuity can devise or diabolical malice can employ to heap odium and infamy upon us." The implicit expectation in these attacks on the virtue (as opposed to the judgment) of the Southern people — exercises in what rhetoricians call the diabolic — is that the people of the South will be willing to live within the Union as "outlaws, branded with ignominy, consigned to execration and ultimate destruction." To which effrontery, in the person of its Illinois champion, Clay responds, "Sir, are we looked upon as more or less than men?"

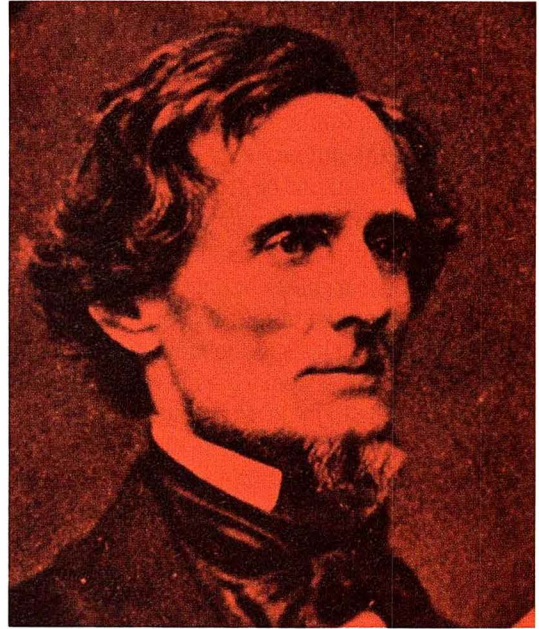


One precondition of constitutional morality is thus rhetorical civility, as much endangered by self-appointed censors of the press, pulpit and rostrum of today as they were when the departing senator from Alabama threw down his gauntlet in defiance of their excesses.

For it is still true that those censors take for wrong whatever they identify as Southern. They care nothing for legal means, only for ends — purposes that reinforce the moral presuppositions of their world. Yet in a free society the law cannot be maintained or interpreted against the will of a whole people, by compulsion and abuse: what Lee meant when he spoke disparagingly of a Union held together by nothing but bayonets. And wherever we hear the language appropriate to that strategy alone we must call it into account. I so insist because it is an idiom suited primarily to evading the restrictions of constitutional law and the narrow meaning of elections: a strategy for going against the Constitution of the United States or distorting its purpose by enlarging the scope of national authority. For if you attack your countrymen as not merely mistaken but evil you are not proceeding politically or at law. Instead you represent an authority higher than statute or process and imply an intimacy with God's plan thusward. This strategy is called rhetorically *oraculum* — speaking for the gods. It is incompatible with the stable rule of law. We must call it by its right name whenever it is brought against us. And concede nothing to its arrogance. Though in this century we must, for the sake of the common good, shout it down where it stands, and not withdraw quietly to a refuge peculiarly our own.

But more than goodwill is necessary for the maintenance of a contract between free men. Rigid observation of the terms agreed to is also required. And a clear awareness that one party to the connection cannot reserve the right to interpret it according to his views and still expect it to bind other parties offended by his construction. This is a simple proposition in logic and, I might also add, in ethics — since there has been so much talk of the morality which surrounded the decision for secession.

During the American Revolution spokesmen for the patriot cause reasoned that American obligations to the sovereign authority of King George III ended when he violated his constitutional role as protector and defender, under the British constitution, of the inherited rights of Englishmen in America. In a word, he abdicated. And with him his ministers and subjects in the mother country who agreed with Crown and Parliament to bind the colonies "in all cases whatsoever," leaving the American residue of that constitutional identity in the keeping of a group of rebels who invoked 1688, the Glorious Revolution, and the sovereignty of law. As viewed according to this calculus, constitutions may be made and amended by regular process. But they cannot evolve or stretch into elastic sanctions for calculated manipulation, subject to transformation by the exegetical legerdemain of skeptical theology or solipsistic literary criticism — the two sources of post-structuralist technique which are the most aggressive of the now fashionable methods of reshaping the law to radi-



JEFFERSON DAVIS OF MISSISSIPPI  
(South Caroliniana Library)

cal purposes. Jefferson Davis, in his majestic valedictory to years of service to the United States, refers directly to these analogues. The major subject of his discourse is not verbal abuse but a misunderstanding of the relation of the Constitution to the language concerning equality which appears at the beginning of the Declaration of Independence. Davis' discussion of that language is the other important constitutional example left to us in these farewell speeches.

Davis speaks as readily as did his Senate colleague from Georgia of the continuity between what his South is doing in putting behind it a familiar and well established political identity and what the nation as a whole had done from 1774-1788. The region was now obliged (as the North American British colonies had been) to "assure a free and equal station among the peoples of the earth"; was thus compelled because its countrymen of the North misunderstood the American Revolution, the common enterprise of those earlier years. Once the federal power became not an "uncle" but merely an enemy, a government "which threaten[ed] to be destructive of [their] rights," Southerners were immediately prepared (as Davis put the matter in taking office in Montgomery a month later) to fight for "honor and right and liberty and equality." Which was to "repeat the experiment instituted by our revolutionary fathers" — to "renew such sacrifices as our fathers made to the holy cause of constitutional [i.e. corporate] liberty." The rhetoric here is of the self-determination of peoples, maintaining that one nation should be as free to govern itself according to its own chosen way as another. That such a decision was unpleasant and to be avoided if at all possible Davis concedes. Yet, as he maintained later (in becoming the regularly elected President of the Confederacy), those who made a Southern nation out of a broken Union had no alternative and "as a necessity, not a choice [have] resorted to the remedy of separation," by that means having "labored to preserve the Government of our Fathers." And he spoke this way consistently once in office, continuing to emphasize the same

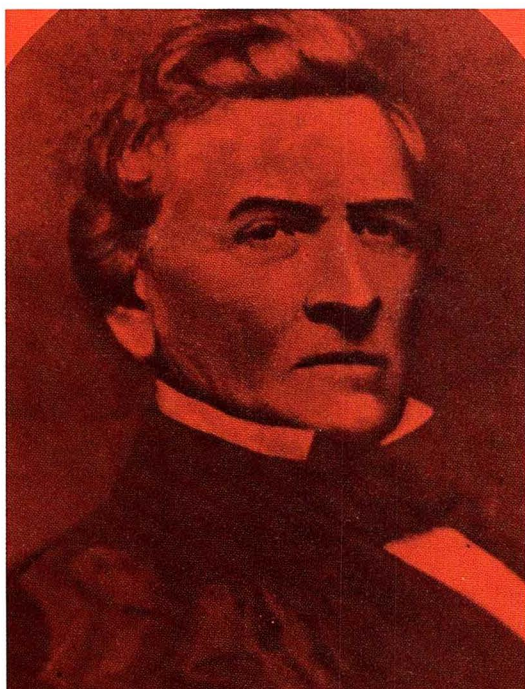


continuity, even in his second inaugural address of February 22, 1862:

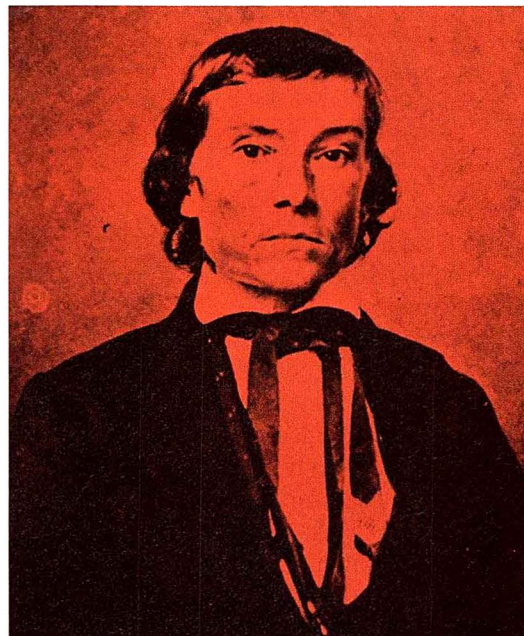
**"Fellow citizens, after the struggle of ages had consecrated the right of the Englishmen to constitutional representative government, our colonial ancestors were forced to vindicate that birthright by an appeal to arms. Success crowned their efforts, and they provided for their posterity a peaceful remedy against future aggression.**

**To show ourselves worthy of the inheritance bequeathed to us by the patriots of the Revolution, we must emulate that heroic devotion which made reverse to them but [was] the crucible in which their patriotism [was] refined."**

**A**s we all know, there is in our time, even more than when Senator Davis made his farewell, a campaign set in motion by the highest authorities, leaders in the churches, courts, media and universities, to swallow up the Constitution in a simplistic reading of the Declaration, to conflate the two documents, confuse their distinctive purposes, and employ their combination to transform the meaning of Union into something instrumental in its promotion, through the agencies of government, of a wide variety of causes which seem, for the moment, worthy: the most cunning formula for political tyranny even devised by the mind of man. Since the time when churches all across the North rang their bells to mourn the death of that murdering fanatic, John Brown of Pottawatomie, we have been a nation threatened with any and every measure brought forward in the name of a metaphysical equality among men. With the Union preserved (though changed) by war, we have departed further than in 1860 from the frame of government intended by members of



BENJAMIN FITZPATRICK OF ALABAMA  
(From the Collection of Alabama Dept. of Archives & History)



ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS OF GEORGIA  
(South Caroliniana Library)

the Great Convention and leaders of the early Republic — most of this change coming down upon us in the name of the Fourteenth Amendment, as now usually misunderstood. Since Appomattox, the way has been open to malice and effrontery performed in the name of human rights — and we have been unable to close it, no matter how savage the prospect coming without hindrance, toward our threatened gates. Whenever we speak reasonably and give the lie to partisan distortion of its text, whenever we rise to protect the Constitution in its original, essentially procedural character, whenever we confront the mad schemers of misconstruction who put in peril the liberties of all Americans, we do, for our time, as Jefferson Davis did for his, "take the hazard" against "destructive powers" and "tread the path of our Fathers,....putting our trust in God, and in our own firm hearts." ★

***M.E. Bradford is the national Historian-in-Chief of the Sons of Confederate Veterans.***

# "Thy will be done"

## THE DEATH OF "STONEWALL" JACKSON

by Peggy Robbins

"O h, what a battle must have been raging in Heaven, when the Archangel of the Lord needed the services of Stonewall Jackson!" exclaimed a dazed, disturbed Southerner when he heard that the military leader most trusted by the Confederates and most dreaded by the Federals had been taken from the earth "by the will of God." Everyone knew that Presbyterian Jackson, throughout his short adult life, had been "ready to go when the Almighty calls"; most knew of his saying, "I feel as safe in battle as in bed. God has fixed the time for my death. I do not concern myself about that, but to be always ready, no matter when it may overtake me. This is the way all men should live..."

Many years after the War, a venerable clergyman, at the unveiling of a Jackson monument, closed his prayer with these words: "When in Thy inscrutable wisdom, O Lord, Thou didst ordain that the Confederacy should fall, then Thou didst find it necessary to remove Thy servant Stonewall Jackson. Amen!"

The death of Stonewall Jackson in May 1863, after the battle of Chancellorsville, has been called "the spiritual climax of the Confederacy"; never after that did Confederate hopes rise to such heights as they had with the news of General Jackson's victories in the Shenandoah Valley, at Second Bull Run, and at Fredericksburg. Certainly few, if any episodes of the war were more fraught with drama than the accidental wounding of the beloved 39-year-old hero by his own troops, his eighth day fluctuation between the promise of recovery and the shadow of death, and the state of chilling shock followed by uncontrollable grief which swept the South at the news that he had died. As Lieutenant General Thomas Jonathan Jackson lay dying, many men, military and civilian, lamented to each other, "If victory's price is Jackson's life, it



may be too severe a toll."

It was Jackson's brilliantly executed and devastating flank attack on the Union Army at Chancellorsville on May 2 that launched the several-days' battle which was to go down in history as "General Robert E. Lee's most brilliant victory."

As the evening twilight of May 2 faded, the first impetus of the Confederate attack abated, and Jackson, who was anxious to strike a final blow, determined for himself the nature of the terrain in advance of the last skirmish point. Riding on "Little Sorrel" and accompanied by three staff officers and several couriers and signalmen, Jackson rode through the dark forest to the front, despite his aides' reminders that he was putting himself in great danger. The little cavalcade passed through the Confederate picket line and, after a few moments, reached an open space. His aides feared for his safety; one said, "General Jackson, this is the wrong place for you!"

Jackson answered that he thought the danger was over, and that the enemy had been routed, and he told a courier, "Go back and tell General Hill to press right on!" Lieutenant General Ambrose P. Hill,

unacquainted with the territory, had halted, awaiting the reforming of Confederate lines.

Suddenly there was the noise of voices and of trees being felled not far ahead. Jackson listened for a few moments. Were Union forces establishing a battle line? He turned back toward his own lines. He told his aides that he must assure speed in the Confederate attack.

The sound of the mounted Confederate officers returning to their commands — the light pounding of hoofs and the clattering of sabers — startled Rebel soldiers of the Eighteenth North Carolina, who did not know the Jackson party had been on reconnaissance and thought Yankee horsemen were riding through the darkness toward them. There had been a rumor that an enemy cavalry attack was in the making, and the Rebels were tense. They were given orders: "Fire, and repeat fire!"

As the first shots were fired, Confederate voices rang out, "Cease firing! You are firing into your own men!" Lieutenant Joseph Morrison, Jackson's wife's brother, raced from the General's side straight toward the firing to stop it. But it was too late; the North Carolinians either did not hear the protest or thought it was a hoax. Another volley roared through the woods before Morrison could get to them.

Long yellow flashes of musket fire laced around Stonewall Jackson, and his group was shattered. Men and horses fell. General Jackson knew instantly he had been hit. His left arm fell limp; his right hand had been struck by a bullet. Little Sorrel, frantic, swerved around and plunged back through the woods toward the Federal lines. A heavy blow from a hanging bough gashed Jackson's forehead and almost knocked him off his horse, but he somehow managed to grasp the bridle rein with his right hand and turn the frightened animal around.



As he got back to the track through the woods, he felt himself growing dizzy. Captain R.E. Wilbourn, his chief signal officer, reached him and grabbed the sorrel's rein. A moment later Stonewall slumped in the saddle. Another officer dashed up and he and Wilbourn steadied the General. Wilbourn asked him how he felt, and Jackson, whose left arm was in torturing pain, had to say, "You had better take me down." As he fell into Wilbourn's arms, he almost fainted.

While one side, at Jackson's request, rushed off to get Dr. Hunter McGuire — "But don't let the men know that I am wounded," said Stonewall — Wilbourn slashed the General's raincape, uniform and shirt sleeve, revealing in the dappled moonlight his torn, bloody left arm. General Hill arrived on the scene. He removed Jackson's blood-filled gauntlets, tried to bandage the shattered arm with handkerchiefs, and took the wounded commander's head in his lap.

A medical officer from the nearest Confederate brigade arrived. He found that Jackson had two serious wounds, one in the left shoulder and the other in the left forearm; a third wound, leaving a musket ball lumped under the skin of his right hand, was not serious, and neither was the gash on his head.

The group around the General had to decide what should be done next. Jackson still lay outside his own lines. Two captains, a sergeant and a courier of the party lay dead; three others were injured. Jackson's bleeding had almost stopped by this time, but the medical officer feared it would start again if the General were moved; yet, to let him remain there, between the lines, greatly risked his capture or death by enemy action.

As the men hurriedly discussed the situation, they saw two Federal infantrymen emerge from a thicket and step into the narrow, moonlit roadway not far off. Hill slipped Jackson's head and shoulders to someone else, quietly turned to his escort, and whispered, "Take charge of those men." The two orderlies sprang forward and seized the rifles of the surprised Federals.

About that time, Lieutenant Morrison, who had gone down the road to reconnoiter, returned. "We'll have to move the General now," he said. "There are Yank gun crews moving up there on the road. They'll blow us to bits."

General Hill ordered Jackson's immediate removal and cautioned that every effort be made to keep advancing Rebel soldiers from knowing he'd been wounded. Stonewall opened his eyes and said, "Tell them simply that you have a wounded Confederate officer." Hill departed to join his troops and Morrison and two others lifted the General onto a litter and started toward the Confederate lines. They'd hardly gained the road before Federal batteries along the whole front opened up. Grape and canister shot filled the air. The litter-bearers put Jackson on the ground and covered his body with their own. Fortunately, the storm of bullets passed over them; only shredded foliage, tree boughs, and dust rained down on them.

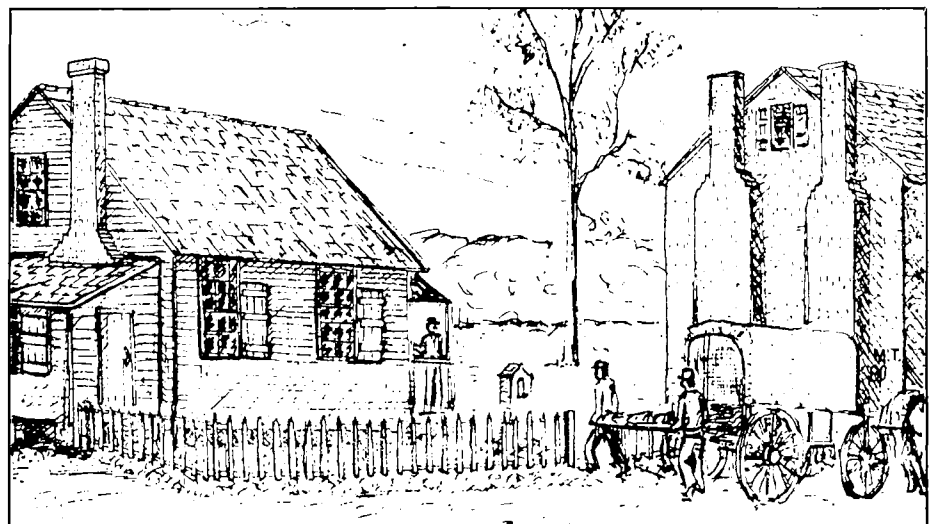
The party struggled on. In a new burst of firing, a bearer was struck by a shot in the arm and let go his litter pole. Jackson fell hard to the ground on his wounded side; for the first time, he groaned in agony. Wilbourn begged passing soldiers to help with the litter but none did until he shouted it was General Jackson, wounded. Then men came quickly, and the litter moved

once more.

The group heard that General Hill had been wounded as he rode back to lead his men. Another general, slightly wounded, dismounted as he approached the party with the litter and told Jackson, "Our lines here are broken and I fear we will have to fall back." The suffering Stonewall raised himself a little and ordered, "You must hold your ground, sir!"

Captain J.P. Smith, a young Presbyterian ministerial student on Jackson's staff who had joined the group going rearward, was alarmed by the General's pallor and insisted he take a bit of whiskey as a stimulant. Jackson reluctantly complied, but he said, "Captain, we must win the battle first, and then worry about the wounded."

Crossing a roadway, the party came upon an ambulance. In the canvas-covered wagon were the seriously wounded Colonel Stapleton Crutchfield, chief of Jackson's artillery, and a less severely injured captain. The latter demanded that he be moved out to make room for Stonewall Jackson. With Joe Morrison beside Jackson, tenderly holding his shattered arm, the ambulance bearing the two injured officers jolted slowly along behind two men with torches who located and pointed out the rougher spots in the road. Finally the wagon paused in the yard in front of the house of Reverend





Melzi Chancellor, and there Dr. McGuire found Jackson, his very close friend. Major Sandie Pendleton, son of General W.N. Pendleton and the "young driving-force member" of Jackson's staff, on hearing of the tragedy in the woods, had ridden so far and so fast seeking Dr. McGuire that after finding the Medical Director and delivering his message, he had fallen from his horse in a faint.

By lantern light Dr. McGuire was able to examine Jackson and to halt the bleeding which had become heavy during the wagon ride. Said Dr. McGuire of Stonewall: "His suffering at this time was intense; his hands were cold, his skin clammy, his face pale, and his lips compressed and bloodless; not a moan escaped him — not a sign of suffering, except the slight corrugation of his brow, the fixed, rigid face, and the thin lips so tightly compressed that the impression of his teeth could be seen through them."

The doctor gave the patient some whiskey and a dose of morphia, which

had prompt effect. Jackson inquired about Crutchfield, and was thankful to hear that his moaning fellow rider was only very painfully hurt with a broken leg, not dangerously wounded. The ambulance, with Dr. McGuire beside Stonewall, his finger covering a severed artery, started forward toward the field hospital, which was nearly four miles farther to the rear.

"After reaching the hospital," McGuire wrote later, "General Jackson was carried to a tent and placed in a bed, covered with blankets, and another drink of whiskey and water given him. Two hours and a half elapsed before sufficient reaction took place to warrant an examination, and at two o'clock on Sunday morning (May 3) I informed him that chloroform would be given him; I told him also that amputation would probably be required, and asked, if it was found necessary, whether it should be done at once. He replied promptly, 'Yes, certainly, Dr. McGuire, do for me whatever you think best.'"

McGuire and three other doctors examined Jackson. McGuire removed the lodged round ball from his right hand and showed it to the others, sadly remarking, "A smooth-bore Springfield—our troops." The doctors agreed that Jackson's left arm, badly mangled in flesh, muscle and bone just below the shoulder and in the forearm, could not be saved, and that gangrene was certain if its removal was delayed. With the other doctors assisting, McGuire amputated the arm about two inches below the shoulder. Jackson came through the operation in excellent condition, and half an hour later, at McGuire's direction, drank a cup of coffee. Then he slept lightly for an hour.

About half past three, Major Pendleton arrived and insisted on seeing the General; Jeb Stuart, who had been sent for to take command of the infantry after Hill was disabled, had dispatched Sandie Pendleton to get orders from Jackson. Stonewall instantly recognized the visitor, and

## How "Stonewall" Jackson and his medical officer, Dr. Hunter McGuire, "Humanized War"

**O**n the border of Richmond's Capitol Square stands a bronze statue of Stonewall Jackson in battle regalia striding into combat with a fiery intensity. A few paces to his left is a bronze statue of Dr. Hunter McGuire attired in his doctoral robe and seated on a chair beneath which is a stack of medical books. This statuarial juxtaposition aptly symbolizes the momentous relationship between the Great Commander and his Great Surgeon — a team which, in the words of one military historian, "humanized war."

Hunter Holmes McGuire, the Great Surgeon, was born and raised in Winchester, Virginia. He received his medical education at Winchester Medical College and the Jefferson School of Medicine in Philadelphia. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted as a pri-

vate in Company F, Second Virginia Regiment, with which he marched to Harpers Ferry.

With physicians in demand for military duty, Dr. McGuire was shortly commissioned a Surgeon and Medical Director and assigned to the Army of the Shenandoah, then commanded by Colonel Thomas J. Jackson at Harpers Ferry. When 26-year-old Dr. Hunter McGuire reported for duty, Colonel Jackson skeptically scrutinized him in the belief that Richmond surely had made a mistake in assigning the tall, boyish-looking surgeon to such a responsible post. Tactfully, he instructed McGuire to retire to his quarters and await further instructions. Meantime he hurriedly contacted Richmond only to learn that McGuire's orders were exactly as represented.



Photo Credit: Virginia Historical Society

Under the colonel's close supervision, Dr. McGuire then proceeded to organize the medical service at Harpers Ferry. He did so with such efficiency and initiative that he soon became Jackson's own physician in addition to fulfilling his other duties. The colonel also gained enormous personal respect for McGuire, whom he invited to share his quarters and to



expressed relief that he hadn't been wounded. But the effort to discuss military procedures was too much for Jackson. "I'm sorry," he said slowly. "I don't know. I can't tell. Say to General Stuart he must do what he thinks best." With that he went to sleep and rested undisturbed through the remainder of the night, while his army went on to achieve a victory that was not greatly delayed by his fall in the field.

About mid-morning of May 3, Jackson dictated a note to General Robert E. Lee, telling of his wounding and the transfer of command. That afternoon a courier from Lee's headquarters brought a reply to the dispatch:

General Thomas J. Jackson,  
Commanding Corps.

General:

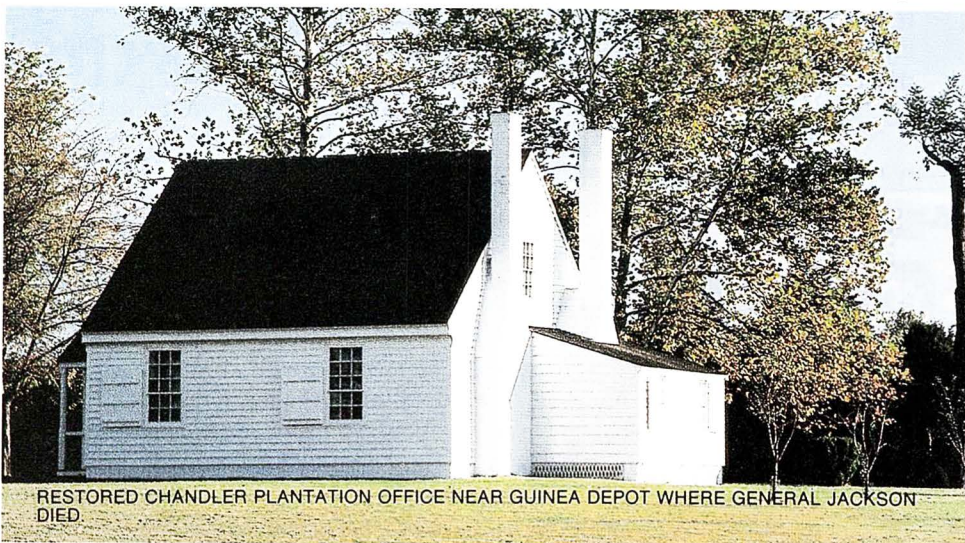
*I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the*

*occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to be disabled in your stead.*

*I congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy.*

*Very respectfully, your obedient servant.*

*R.E. Lee, General*



"General Lee," said Stonewall to the aide who read to him the Commander-in-Chief's message, "is very kind, but he should give the praise to God."

Jackson was in periodic pain, more from his side, which had been bruised in his fall from the litter, than as a result of the arm amputation. But his thoughts were clear, his speech coherent. He talked about the bravery

ride beside him at the head of the column while on the move.

Colonel Jackson was especially impressed by his young Medical Director's creative ability to develop new surgical procedures and policies for military use. One of the most far-reaching and humane of these arose quite serendipitously in the wake of General Stonewall Jackson's defeat of General Nathaniel P. Banks at Winchester on May 25, 1862.

When the results of Stonewall's stunning victory were tallied it was found that the small Confederate force had captured about 3,000 bluecoats, with over 300 sick and wounded. Among the prisoners were three surgeons and four assistant surgeons (the equivalent of today's "medics") who customarily would have been treated the same as combat prisoners, i.e., incarcerated until exchanged.

McGuire pointed out to Jackson that this practice deprived wounded and ill soldiers — both Union and Confederate — of desperately needed medical services. Therefore, to utilize the medical services of captured

surgeons and assistant surgeons, McGuire proposed a policy whereby such personnel would be released unconditionally when captured so they could relieve the suffering of victims regardless of the color of their uniform.

General Jackson assented, whereupon McGuire drew up an agreement incorporating a special stipulation that the seven captured medical officers in General Jackson's custody after the Battle of Winchester would be released on condition that they report to the U.S. Secretary of War in Washington, D.C. and use their "best efforts to establish the principle that henceforth all medical officers taken prisoner or be released unconditionally." The surgeons amenably signed the document on May 31, 1862, and then true to their word they urged Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton to reciprocate by adopting this policy — which he did.

One of the Federal beneficiaries of this new policy was Assistant Surgeon Phillip Adolphus of the 2nd Massachusetts Regiment, U.S.A., who

recorded his experience in a report to the Surgeon General. "At Winchester," he wrote, "I was captured on the battlefield. The enemy generously permitted me to continue my vocation, and furnished me, at my request, at once with a guard to protect me, the property in my charge, and my men. After removing the wounded to the hospitals, I offered my services to Surgeon J.B. Peale, U.S. Volunteers, then in charge of the Union hospital in Winchester. During my sojourn at this hospital, and on the approach of our forces, the enemy invited me, with seven medical officers, my fellow prisoners, to tender our parole not to serve until regularly exchanged, which we refused to do. Before the Confederates left Winchester, we had the honor to conclude an agreement by which we were unconditionally liberated."

Within two weeks of the signing of this agreement and the release of the seven Union medical officers, General George B. McClellan, Commander-in-Chief of the Union armies, responded affirmatively by proposing to General Robert E. Lee



of the men who had been in his last two commands — the District of the Shenandoah Valley and the Second Army Corps. He praised the Stonewall Brigade, "Jackson's mules," who had achieved fame second to no other Confederate unit since standing firm in the bloody baptism of First Manassas. "Some day," he said, "the men of the Stonewall Brigade will be proud to say to their children, 'I was one of that brigade'". He repeatedly remarked that the name Stonewall "belongs to the brigade, not to me."

He told his chaplain, Reverend B.T. Lacy, who exclaimed in distress at seeing the bandaged stump of his arm, "You see me severely wounded, but not distressed, not unhappy. I believe that it has been done according to God's holy will, and I acquiesce...I am perfectly sure that my Heavenly Father designs this affliction for my good...If it were in my power to replace my arm, I would not dare to do it, unless I could know it was the will of my Heavenly Father." If Jackson knew of the burial

of his shattered arm in a nearby family graveyard and the prayers said over it, he did not discuss it.

Both the General and his doctors thought he was going to get well, and that was the message Jackson sent to his wife, Anna, by Joe Morrison, who started out late on Sunday, May 3, cross-country to Richmond, to bring back Mrs. Jackson and Jackson's five-month-old daughter, Julia.

A second message from General Lee arrived that evening, instructing that Jackson be moved to the village of Guiney's Station, a far safer location than the field hospital. Lee ordered Dr. McGuire to go along, knowing, if he didn't order it, Jackson would refuse to monopolize the Medical Director's services.

On Monday Stonewall Jackson seemed so well that McGuire decided to attempt the journey, which would be about twenty-seven miles over the route that had to be taken. Just after daylight on Tuesday, Jackson was laid on a mattress in an ambulance and,

with McGuire, Lacy and Smith attending him, began his "long-day's ride" to Guiney's Station. It was known along the route that he'd be passing, and people — hundreds of them, some crying out good wishes, some weeping, some praying by the roadside — waited, many with gifts — cakes, pies, honey, dried fruit, sacks of fried chicken and ham and biscuit, and pails of fresh milk. The party passed groups of walking wounded who cheered Jackson on. Such a crowd pressed so close to the ambulance at Spotsylvania Court House that the travelers had to halt for a short while.

Journey's end came at eight in the evening. The party went to Fairview, the big Coleman Chandler home, where a large, fine parlor had been prepared for Jackson's use. But Dr. McGuire, hearing that soldiers had recently died of erysipelas in the house, refused to let the General enter. Jackson was quite comfortably bedded down in the frame office nearby, a little building nestled under huge oaks.



that medical officers "be viewed as non-combatants." In accordance with this agreement, all imprisoned medical officers of both the Union and Confederate armies were released and returned to their respective commands. As George H. Weaver, medical historian, has stated, "He (Dr. McGuire) humanized war by originating the custom of releasing all medical officers immediately after they were captured."

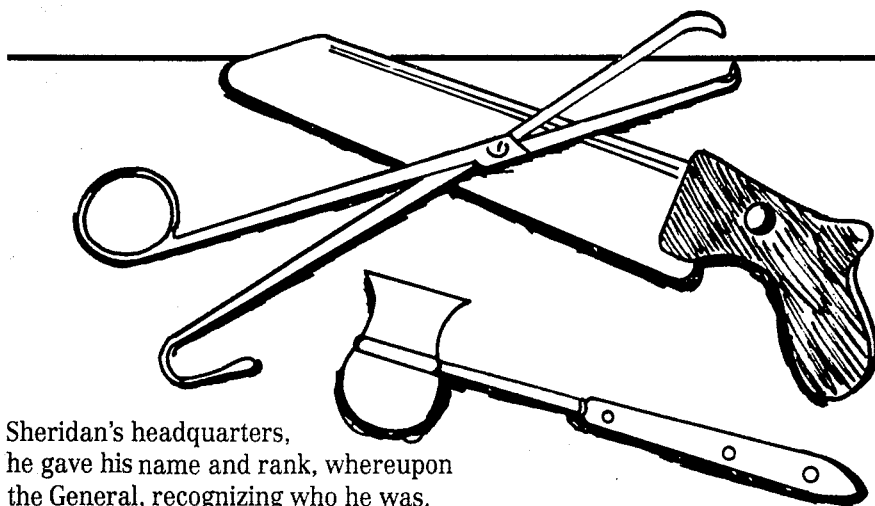
Initially, this agreement was honored scrupulously by both sides, but after a dispute occurred between the commissioners who supervised the release of captured medical officers, it was practiced irregularly. For his part, Dr. McGuire continued throughout the war to release captured surgeons unconditionally when it was within his jurisdiction to do so.

Dr. Hunter McGuire himself benefitted from this policy on March 2, 1865 when General Jubal Early's tiny remnant of the Valley Army was defeated by Sheridan's overwhelming force near Waynesboro, Virginia. He was captured while attempting to save a queue of ambulances. Taken to

He had stood the trip well, and his wounds were in good condition. The next day Dr. McGuire said the stump of the severed arm had begun healing nicely.

During Wednesday night, Jackson began having intense pain in his side; his pulse was fast, his breathing labored. He insisted that cold, wet towels be placed on his body, and he lay under them for hours. By morning there was no doubt that he had pneumonia. Dr. McGuire “resorted to the vigorous remedies of sinapisms and cupping” — plasters of powdered mustard seed and a blood-drawing procedure — but with little effect. He sent for doctors from a distance.

Lacy, on his way to locate Jackson's family physician, went by to see General Lee and told him Stonewall had pneumonia. Lee, who had often referred to Jackson as his “right hand,” said he felt confident of Stonewall's recovery because he was “so much needed.” He added, “Give him my affectionate regards, and tell



Sheridan's headquarters, he gave his name and rank, whereupon the General, recognizing who he was, cordially thanked him for releasing some of his medical officers captured in previous engagements. Then without hesitation, Sheridan released McGuire on a two-week parole, which he spent in Staunton with his future wife, Mary Stuart, before rejoining his command.

Two years after Dr. McGuire and General Jackson pioneered the policy of releasing captured medical officers, the Red Cross Society was organized in Geneva, Switzerland. This international organization subsequent-

ly adopted this practice as one of its tenets.

In the realm of medical treatments, Dr. McGuire developed new surgical techniques for gunshot wounds and adopted innovations that would facilitate recovery and ease intense suffering. A striking example of the latter was his widespread use of chloroform as an anesthetic for operations. He preferred this relatively safe and humane method to the use of

whiskey and “biting the bullet” employed by some surgeons.

Chloroform was readily administered by dropping the liquid onto a sponge, handkerchief, or cotton cloth which was held over the patient's nose until he was unconscious. Dr. McGuire reported that in his corps, chloroform was administered 28,000 times with “no death ever ascribed to its use.” His most famous patient, of course, was his mentor, Stonewall Jackson, whose amputation Dr. McGuire performed at Chancellorsville, assisted by a team of graduates of the Winchester Medical College.

After Jackson's death, Dr. McGuire continued to serve as Medical Director of the Second Corps throughout most of the war. After Appomattox, he established a practice in Richmond, where he made the transition from “making war human” to “making the aftermath of war more humane,” for which he achieved renown as “The leading surgeon of the South.” ★

— William Hassler

him to make haste and get well, and come back to see me as soon as he can. He has lost his left arm; but I have lost my right arm."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Jackson and little Julia had arrived at Fairview. Anna was stunned at the sight of her husband, whose face was sunken and scarred and deeply flushed. Yet that face beamed with joy at the sight of her. "Now, Anna, cheer up," he said tenderly, "and don't wear a long face." On drugs, he soon dozed off, but he roused off and on, and spoke to her: "My darling, you are very much loved...I am perfectly resigned. Don't be sad. I hope I am going to recover. Pray for me, but always remember in your prayers the old petition, 'Thy will be done.'" He wanted little Julia brought to him, he said, as soon as he felt a little better.

Anna Jackson knew she was going to lose her husband, but she, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister, thought

just as Stonewall did in the matter of peacefully accepting God's will.

Her courage and serene countenance during her days by the side of her dying husband were a calming influence on the tragic scene.

Three prominent Virginia doctors arrived on Friday. They consulted and "tried to give Jackson relief with a blister," but without success. His wounds were continuing to heal well, but he was growing weaker. He was cheerful during his waking periods; he listened with a smile as Anna read some Psalms to him, and he fell asleep smiling as she and her brother Joe sang hymns, as he'd requested.

On Saturday morning, Jackson told Dr. McGuire, "I know from the number of physicians here that my condition is dangerous. But I thank God that, if it is His will, I am ready to go." Anna brought Julia to see him,

and his face lit up as he said fondly, "Little

Darling!" The infant was seated on the bed by him, and he held his bandaged hand over her hand and for a few moments prayed silently. He embraced her and then, still smiling, he drifted into a period of semi-consciousness.

The next morning, Anna said to him, "My beloved, before today is over you will be with God." He replied that he didn't think so, but, if it turned out that way, she and Julia should go to her father's home in North Carolina. She asked him where he wished to be buried, and he answered, "In Lexington, and in my own plot." Men standing in the doorway were crying, but Anna held her tears until she had left the room.

Dr. McGuire came in and offered Jackson brandy and water, but the patient took only a sip before saying, "It tastes like fire, and can't do me any good." He looked calmly at the doctor and said, "Anna tells me you doctors told her I am to die today. Is that so? McGuire answered, "I'm afraid so, General. Oh, I'm afraid so!" "It's all right, McGuire," comforted the dying man. "It's all right."

In the early afternoon Jackson asked Sandie Pendleton who had preached at headquarters that morning. Sandy answered that Lacy had, and added, "General, the entire army is praying for you." "They were very kind," Jackson said. "It is the Lord's day, Pendleton. My wish is fulfilled. I always wanted to die on Sunday."

A short time later, he shouted, "Tell A.P. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front!" He was quiet for a while, and then at 3:15 that afternoon he smiled at Anna and the men around his bed, and said distantly, "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." With that, he died.

A mourning wail swept over the South. The *Richmond Examiner* had said on May 5, "General Jackson's extraordinary ability, and the astonishing prestige which attends him everywhere, is a power of the republic, and his loss...would be ill replaced by the accession of 50,000 troops to our present force." Most newspaper reports had refused to recognize the possibility

### Winchester, Virginia., May 31, 1862

We Surgeons and Assistant Surgeons, United States Army, now prisoners of war in this place do give our parole of honor on being unconditionally released to report in person, singly or collectively to the Secretary of War in Washington City as such and that we will use our best efforts that the same number of Confederate States Army now prisoners or may hereafter be taken be released on the same terms. And furthermore we will on our honor use our best efforts to have this principle established, viz., the unconditional release of all medical officers taken prisoners of war hereafter.

(Signed)

J. Burd Peale, Brigade Surgeon,  
Blenker's Division

J.J. Johnson, Surgeon 27th  
Indiana Vols.

Francis Leland, Surgeon 2nd  
Massachusetts Vols.

Philip Adolphus, Assistant  
Surgeon, U.S.A.

Lincoln R. Stone, Assistant  
Surgeon, 2nd  
Massachusetts Vols.

Josiah F. Day, Jr., Assistant  
Surgeon 10th Main Vols.

Evelyn L. Bissell, Assistant  
Surgeon 5th  
Connecticut Vols.

Approved:  
Hunter McGuire  
Medical Director  
Army of the Valley, C.S.

(Copy of the Agreement Releasing  
Captured Federal Surgeons Unconditionally)





A FAMILY PORTRAIT OF "STONEWALL JACKSON," WIFE MARY ANNA AND DAUGHTER JULIA.

that the remarkable Stonewall, just 39, could actually die. The *Richmond Whig* had assured readers as late as May 9, "We need have no fears for Jackson. He is no accidental manifestation of the powers of faith and courage. He came not by chance in this day and to this generation. He was born for a purpose, and not until that purpose is fulfilled will his great soul take flight." With news that he had died, a spontaneous wave of shattering emotion rolled through town and country.

At Guiney's Station, Sandie Pendleton, assisted by several of Jackson's other staff officers, dressed his body in a suit of civilian clothes — his uniform was too slashed and blood-stained for use — and then wrapped him in a dark military overcoat before placing him in a coffin, around which someone banked wildflowers.

On Monday morning, May 11, the funeral party, which included most of Jackson's staff, Mrs. Jackson, and two of her lady companions, left by train for Richmond. At every stop along the way groups of women brought bouquets and wreaths of fresh spring flowers to the train. When there was time, they were allowed to enter and place the flowers themselves on Stonewall's casket. Many then and during the days that followed asked to kiss little Julia Jackson, and were allowed to do so.

Just outside the Confederate cap-

ital the train was stopped for Mrs. Jackson to join Mrs. John Fletcher, the Governor's wife, and other ladies who were waiting to take her by carriage to the Governor's Mansion, where mourning dress and veil awaited her.

In mid-afternoon, the train reached the Richmond station, and soldiers, accompanied by a procession of dignitaries, took over the casket. By President Jefferson Davis' order, the first of the new Confederate flags (a "national flag" of a modified white design), the flag originally designed to be flown from the Capitol flagstaff, was draped over it. The line of march moved through two miles of streets filled with people to the Executive Mansion, while army bands wailed and minute-guns boomed. All business in Richmond had been suspended.

During that night, Jackson's body was embalmed, and the sculptor Frederick Volck made a plaster death mask of the face. The next day, the body was put on display, first in the reception room of the Executive Mansion, and then uptown on a white-draped altar in the Hall of the House of Representatives. Tens of thousands of people streamed past it.

The long procession from the Mansion to the Hall, accompanying the hearse bearing Jackson's body, included military bands, cavalry, troops marching with reversed arms, a line of

Confederate generals who were pallbearers, Virginia and Richmond officials, President Davis in a carriage and his Cabinet on foot, one of Stonewall's horses led by a servant, and a few soldiers of the Stonewall Brigade. An officer of the Brigade had called on General Lee and asked that the entire outfit be assigned to act as the escort of Jackson's coffin. Lee had replied with deep regret that he could not grant the request because the Federals were "showing signs of movement." "General Jackson never neglected a duty while living," Lee said, "and he would not rest easier in his grave if his old brigade had left the presence of the enemy to see him buried."

On Wednesday, Jackson's body began the final journey from Richmond to Lexington, and was the object of devoted tribute all the way. Accompanied by Anna and a large escort, it went by train to Gordonsville and on by canal boat, reaching Lexington Tuesday evening. The cadets of Virginia Military Institute, where Jackson had been an instructor before the Civil War, took the casket to his old lecture room, which they told Mrs. Jackson, had not been used during his absence. There it remained overnight, guarded by cadets, while visitors passed by, and guns on the campus were slowly fired, and fired, and fired.

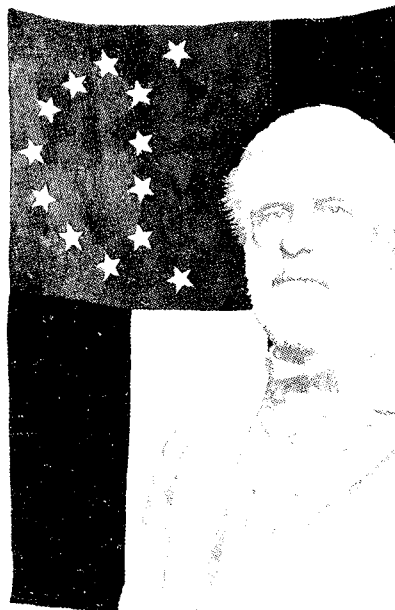
On Friday morning, May 15, there was a simple service preached by Jackson's old pastor in the Presbyterian Church of which he'd been a deacon. Then his body was buried in the little cemetery above the town. Throughout it all, Anna remained outwardly brave and calm. But, as she was leaving the cemetery, she broke into uncontrollable sobbing, and, according to one account, sobbed for days.

It was with no ordinary grief that people sorrowed for Stonewall Jackson. As the *Southern Illustrated News* said about the "mournful calamity" in its long obituary tribute to General Thomas Jonathan Jackson, "If there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed war than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity." ★



GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON DIED IN THIS ROOM ON MAY 10, 1863.

# These Men Want You To Know...



## About The Southern Partisan

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# Conversation

## INTERVIEW WITH RANDY HERROD.

Randy Herrod is a military historian who has studied the War Between the States and also America's most recent conflict, the war in Vietnam. He has just completed a book, *Blue's Bastards*, which is a chronicle of his own experience in that recent war, where he served under the legendary marine commander Oliver North. When North was testifying before the Iran-Contra hearings, Herrod served as a commentator on network television, and did much to put North's considerable achievements as a Marine into proper perspective. He has also been active in the Oliver North Defense Fund.

But in addition to his service in Southeast Asia, Herrod is also proud of his Indian blood (he is part-Creek) and of the fact that he is a Southerner, and from what he regards as a Confederate state. In this *Partisan Conversation* he tells us something of what it is like to come from Southeast Oklahoma, where the memories of past wars—including the War Between the States—are kept alive by people who still remember who they are.

He was interviewed in Shawnee Oklahoma by Matthew Sandel.

**Partisan:** Randy, you've said that your experiences in Vietnam were in part a product of growing up in Southern Oklahoma. What did you mean by that?

Herrod: The section of Oklahoma I was born in—the Southeastern corner—was steeped in patriotism and military tradition. We used to find excuses to fly the flag when nobody else in the country was doing it. We . . .

**Partisan:** *The American flag or the Confederate flag?*

Herrod: Any old flag. We liked flags. We like the Confederate flag too. Recently the state of Oklahoma decided to fly the Confederate flag over the state capitol, just when other states were dropping it. That's the way we are.

**Partisan:** *Why do you suppose they did that?*

Herrod: Because they're not ashamed of their past. Oklahoma was Indian territory then, and most of the Five Civilized Tribes were Confederate. We don't forget that easily.

**Partisan:** *You have Indian blood in you. What about your ancestors?*

Herrod: Most of my Indian blood is Creek, and the Creeks fought for the Confederacy. They were first-rate warriors, and Stand Watie was their general.

**Partisan:** *And he was a Creek, wasn't he?*

Herrod: Yes. He was a Creek and a good general.

**Partisan:** *You've just finished a book on the war in Vietnam. Apparently you found some similarities between that war and the War Between the States. What were they?*

Herrod: There were several important similarities, though they're not obvious at first glance. In the first place, like the Confederates, we went into Vietnam with the best-trained army—the best officers, the best soldiers. Robert E. Lee was the best commander in either army. He'd been in the Mexican War. He'd been commandant at West

Point. And he had a number of senior officers—like Jackson, Hill, and Stuart—who were better than anything the Union could put into the field. And the Confederate enlisted men were better prepared. For one thing, their cavalymen could ride horses. Early in the War they had to tie some of the Union cavalymen onto their saddles, otherwise they would have fallen off.

Likewise, in Vietnam we had superior officers and better-trained men. Along the DMZ, where we fought the North Vietnamese regulars, we did great—for a while. Then we ran into some of the same problems the Confederacy ran into.

**Partisan:** *You mean the war dragged on too long?*

Herrod: Partly that. Also, like the Confederates, we were outnumbered in Vietnam, and we had trouble with resupply. The resupply was bad—both in the War between the States and in Vietnam. People don't realize it, but in Vietnam we didn't have the equipment toward the end. We were like the Confederates, though never quite as bad off as the Army of Northern Virginia after Petersburg.

**Partisan:** *What about foreign relations? Any similarities there?*

Herrod: In a way there were. The Confederacy could have used some help from the English, tried to get it. Some people argue that if England had come in on the Confederate side, we would have won the War. That's debatable, but it's quite possibly true. The same thing was true in Vietnam. We didn't get any





"I'm six feet four and Ollie's five feet nine," says Randy Herrod (center), with North (right) and a fellow Marine at the time of Herrod's trial in Da Nang. "But until I saw this photo, I didn't know he was shorter than I am."

help from SEATO, and we could have used it. That might have made a difference, but of course we'll never know.

**Partisan:** Any significant differences between the two wars?

Herrod: Oh, yes. The main difference was that the South probably still had the will to win. Needless to say, we had long since lost that will in Vietnam by the time we pulled out.

**Partisan:** To change the subject slightly, you fought under Lt. Oliver North in Vietnam and saved his life. You were awarded the Silver Star for that action. Can you tell us a little

**bit about how that all happened?**

Herrod: We were camped on the side of a hill, up near the DMZ. It was night, and most of us were asleep. Suddenly we were attacked by mortars, and then by infantry. We were almost overrun, and for about an hour it was almost hand-to-hand combat. Almost, but not quite. Lt. North was knocked unconscious by a mortar round. I helped him until he regained consciousness, which wasn't very long.

**Partisan:** You're being too modest. According to the citation which I happened to have read, you climbed out of your fox hole, shielded him with your own body, and

**mowed down advancing enemy soldiers, firing the machine gun with your free hand. You were also wounded when you did this, weren't you?**

Herrod: I had been hit with shrapnel. It was nothing serious. North was more seriously injured; but he got up, shook off the cobwebs, and stood up to direct the fire. He was a perfect target. I was back down in my foxhole, sticking my head up just to fire off rounds. He was the bravest man I ever saw.

**Partisan:** After you had saved North's life, he returned the favor didn't he?

Herrod: Yeah, in a big way.



**Partisan: How did that happen?**

Herrod: Well, after he was shipped back to Quantico, I was reassigned to a unit in the south. Instead of facing the regulars there, we were fighting the Vietcong.

**Partisan: They were guerrillas, weren't they?**

Herrod: Sort of, but not exactly. They were farmers by day, and terrorists by night. They would toss a hand grenade into your camp, or slit your throat, or boobytrap a Coke can. They would also ambush you on a trail. One night we ran into a camp of them; but before we could capture them or kill them, the men escaped, leaving the women and children behind. While we were questioning the women and children, somebody opened up on us with a machine gun from the underbrush. We fired back, and in the darkness women and children were killed.

At the time the Marine Corps decided they would show the public they were more responsible than the Army, which had covered up the My Lai incident. So they tried us for 1st degree murder.

**Partisan: That's unbelievable.**

Herrod: It happened.

**Partisan: And North came back to Vietnam to do the investigative work that set you free?**

Herrod: He paid his own way over and took leave time. He found most of the evidence that eventually cleared me.

**Partisan: Was there really a chance you would have been convicted?**

Herrod: Two guys had already been convicted, and one of them got life in prison—and he had followed my orders. I would have been in my grave 19 years now if it hadn't been for Lt. North.

**Partisan: You would have been executed?**

Herrod: I would have been shot.

**Partisan: Do you have nightmares about Vietnam?**

Herrod: No, not at all.

**Partisan: You didn't think war was hell, like Sherman?**

Herrod: No, not always. We got high on it sometimes. I have seen men dancing with excitement as they prepared to go into battle. It's the greatest game of all with the highest win-lose stakes you can play for.

**Partisan: You weren't scared?**

Herrod: Of course we were scared. But that just added to the excitement.

**Partisan: Did North love combat too?**

Herrod: Sure he did. Any good soldier does. Don't quote Sherman to me. Remember what Lee said. "It's well that war is so terrible. Else we would grow too fond of it."



ROBERT E. LEE (COOK COLLECTION, VALENTINE MUSEUM)

**Partisan: You quoted a good man.**

Herrod: The best.

**Partisan: You were in Vietnam when the protesters were tearing up the country back home. Did it bother you that the American people didn't support the war? That you were risking your lives in a foreign country and that nobody appreciated what you were doing?**

Herrod: It bothered us some, and it would have bothered us more if it hadn't been for Lt. North. You've got to understand that most of us were 17 and 18 years old, whereas he was up in his twenties, so he was like an older brother to us. We asked him what was going on back home and why they didn't support what we were doing, and he gave us answers. He told us we were helping our country keep a treaty we had made with the other SEATO nations, that we had pledged to come to the aid of South Vietnam if they were attacked, and that U.S. troops were helping our country keep its word. He said the people back home didn't understand why we were there and that no one on the TV news would tell them. He had a way of explaining those matters in terms we could understand.

**Partisan: What kind of a commander was he in the field?**

Herrod: The best ever. We were the best platoon in the Marines while he commanded us. He volunteered us for all the toughest and most dangerous missions, yet we lost fewer men than other platoons. Here's one example of how effective he was as a combat officer. When a guy had only 30 days to go, they would generally take him off the front lines and send him back to one of the big installations to wait for rotation back home. But most of North's men refused to be sent back. They figured they would be safer in combat with him than back at some base where the Vietcong might attack.

**Partisan: What did he do that was so different from other platoon commanders?**

Herrod: Well, a lot of things. For one thing, he

had more respect for equipment. It was 120 degrees many days in Vietnam, and most of the guys would cut the arms off their flak jackets, but Lt. North wouldn't let us do that. He told us our jackets were designed to serve the same function as medieval armor. And sure enough—guys in the other platoon would get their arms shot away, but we never did. Then, too, he would make us crimp the pins on our hand grenades so they wouldn't snag on brush and blow two or three people up. He made us wear our helmets at all times, with the straps under our chins, so that our helmets wouldn't come flying off in the middle of a firefight.

**Partisan: What's a firefight?**

Herrod: A battle.

**Partisan: You must have lost some men during the time you were in North's platoon.**

Herrod: A very few, and those were unavoidable. For example, a good friend of mine, a guy we called "Frenchy," was killed by mortar shell. It was a direct hit while he was crouched down in his foxhole. But nobody could have prevented that from happening. It was the preventable deaths that didn't occur in our platoon. But when somebody was killed, Lt. North wrote the family a long, personal letter. That wasn't required of platoon leaders, only of company commanders. But North did it anyway. We knew all of those things about him, and that's why we followed him the way we did.

You saw him on television?

**Partisan: Yes.**

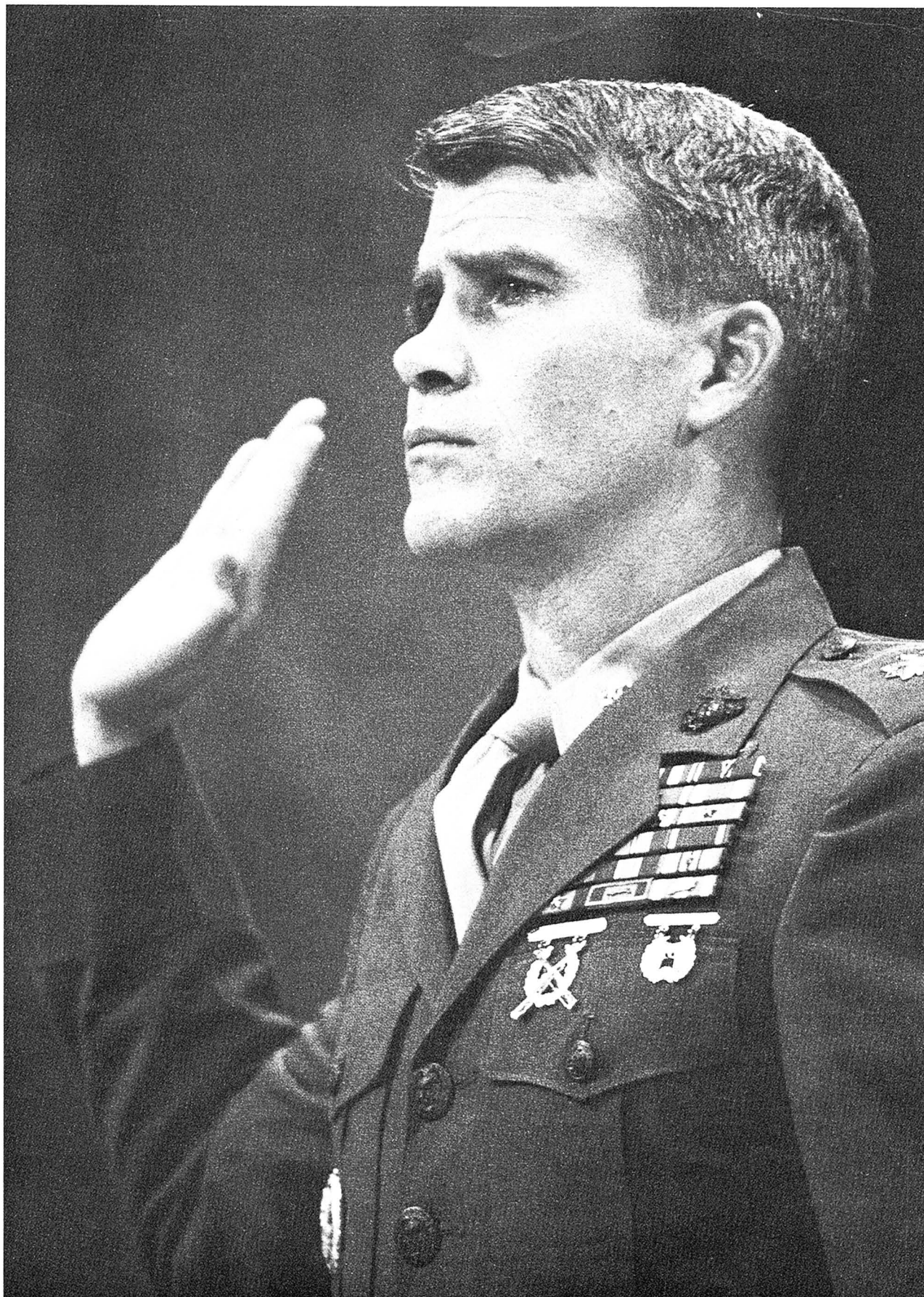
Herrod: Well, what you saw was no act. That's just the way he really is. He is a genuine patriot, the kind of officer you found in earlier wars.

**Partisan: In the War Between the States?**

Herrod: Yes. He's probably the nearest thing we have to a Lee or a Jackson or a Stuart.







# SHORT STORIES TALL TALES

*For years this magazine's policy has been to publish only prose. None of us here feel qualified to judge poetry. Therefore, we will cheat a little and designate this essay as prose, so that our policy remains unbroken, and urge you to go back in time with Mr. Springer for a brief poetic visit to...*

## Mr. Ed's Old Crossroads Store

by Francis W. Springer

**"N**ow here's the money. Don't forget," Ma said, "And come right back don't set!" But it was half a league and more to Mr. Ed's Old Crossroads store. It had a porch for tired ones to sit and talk and rest their bones, to chew tobacco, tilt their chairs, to puff their corn-cobs, shed their cares and swell the general hum and buzz for this was where the action was. A kid could get an education listening to the conversation.

"And no! You can't ride Dan down there. He needs a rest. You use Shank's mare." There'd be the weekly publication with the latest news of state and nation, the things that Congress didn't do, and why the tariff injured YOU; the price of corn, tobacco, hay and why all else was high today; but Wall Street was unknown domain. That was where rich reaped ill-got gain and not for folks who tilled the soil, who lived by dint of honest toil. The news was mostly people's doings: their comings, goings, weddings, wooings, with something old and something new like obits and a birth or two, some news to fit each person's need, and even those who couldn't read would squint and frown and make believe, though it was few that they'd deceive. An object always in demand, to pass around from hand to hand, the *Paw Paw County Times Review* was "well wore out" when they were through.

"And no! Not Bray or Bess!" said Ma, "them mules are needed by your Pa." The sandy road led west a way through green pine woods, red fields of clay to moun-

tains bluer than the sky where bright white clouds went sailing by. From mountain farms, once in a while, a covered wagon, Western style, propelled by sturdy oxen plodding as the driver sat their nodding, would crawl along to trade its wares at settlements and county fairs. The women, tall and taciturn, wore sunbonnets to prevent sunburn; the kids upon a batch of straw, wide-eyed at all the sights they saw, were sights themselves for us to see. All had an air of mystery. They had wood rakes and chairs, hand-made, and hand-carved ornaments to trade; and in the hope that they could find some bidders they had tied behind a colt or calf, sometimes a steer, and still unsold when they reached here. They'd make their sales and travel on and turn back when their stock was gone.

Then Ma relented, "Maybe Dan can stand the trip. You think you can come back with him in proper fettle? Else you'll have some accounts to settle." Dan was a Morgan, head held high, with glossy coat and sparkling eye; dark bay, he was, with three white feet, with plenty staying power, and fleet. I thought I looked like General Lee when up on Dan for all to see. I envied Colonel Larrimore, the way he rode up to the store upon a handsome, prancing horse controlled without a show of force. No muscle moved to mar his calm, he sat as though beneath a palm just gazing at a placid sea. That was the way I tried to be. I aped the way he sat a trot, swung down and tied to the hitching knot, his walk, the way he greeted all, his



limp (got from a Yankee ball) the smile that lit his twinkling eyes but moved no feature otherwise, the soft accent with which he spoke, the bow he gave the women folk. (I must have been a silly sight, a barefoot, freckled tousled wight.)

**I**t was all right for Ma to say, "Don't set!" but there was just no way to hurry off when folks would chat and I was sure that Ma knew that. Here hurrying off was impolite; it showed disinterest in the plight of neighbors in a sorry state. Your own affairs could always wait while you learned how your friends were faring and showed that you were really caring. So Ma ought to appreciate that it took time to learn how fate had treated all her friends since last she'd seen them one or two weeks past.



Besides, you have to wait your turn with others: that's where you learn that Mrs. Forsythe broke her hip, the Warburtons were on a trip, that "Ole Miz Fitz ain't seen you all since Wayned McMaster's funeral" "them Harris boys been put in jail" for "stillin'" but they're out on bail.

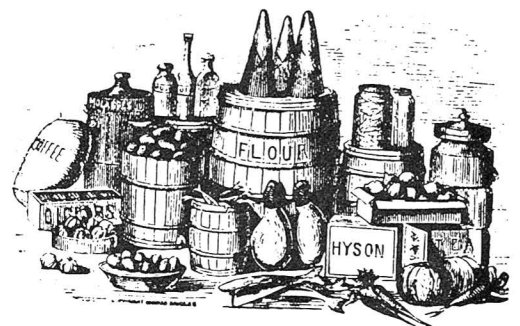
And also waiting, standing there, you breathed a different kind of air. Ed's clerk scoops coffee from the bin, opens the grinder, pours it in, and makes the big red wheels go round with their exciting sight and sound. To see how fast those wheels can fly he shifts hands as the grip goes by, diffusing flavor through the air to mingle with the others there like aromatic herbs and spices before prepackaging devices,

synthetic products, mass processes and air conditioning would repeal all that was left of "nose appeal". You brought your bucket, jug or jar for milk, molasses, vinegar; some things like medicines and pills to cure your miz'ries and your ills had been pre-packaged in those days and color-coded by moon phase: you took the gold pills on the wax; and on the wane, you took the blacks.

And Mr. Ed had built an ell in back and there you'd get the smell of leather that had been oak tanned, real oak, a product of the land, from saddles, bridles, blankets, all and harnesses hanging on the wall, — an earthy smell of horses, mules, of creatures flesh and blood, not tools.

Well, I grew up and went away but

planned that I'd come back some day, revisit that old store once more, "set" and review old country lore, inhale the heady atmosphere that made my memories so dear, not dreaming that I'd said "Goodbye" to things that were about to die, the things that I once loved and knew, the world that I'd been born into. ★





# CRITICUS ESSAY

## Good Ol' Boy Pastime Exposed as a Fraud.

by  
Wayne  
Hogan

There're lots of customs in the South that, say, to your average Yankee virtually defy explaining. Eating grits is one. (Explaining grits I've found is for me, a Southerner, impossible.) Another's Carnivore pickupus. I see my job here being to make a necessarily brief but hopefully successful effort to shed light on this uniquely Southern phenomenon.

Genus Carnivore pickupus is divided into four species: tall, short, broad or narrow. All members of the genus live for the midnight baying of hounds hot on a coon's scent wafting across an open field under a full November moon.

But first let's talk a bit about how these men (yes, they're all men; not one woman's ever been heard of among them) come to coon

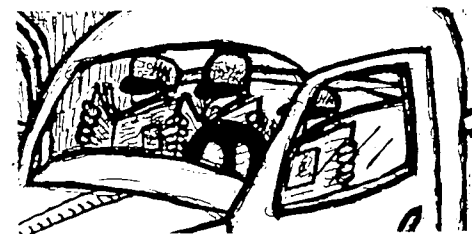
hunting. Let's talk about how coon-hunting allows them to become what they really are: literateurs manques.

It's been pretty well scientifically demonstrated that these lost literati are born, not made.

Because they come into the world of the South, they are compatible with up to as many as 16 or 17 varieties of Blue Tick hound, can ascertain the booming moan of a "Sarge" versus a "Geraldine" more'n a mile away, can easily tell when a hound's glad just to be out romping through somebody else's property in the middle of the night or when it's seriously onto something, can tell when the lead hound's really taking charge or's just goofing off waiting for the quiet ride back home to a late night snack.

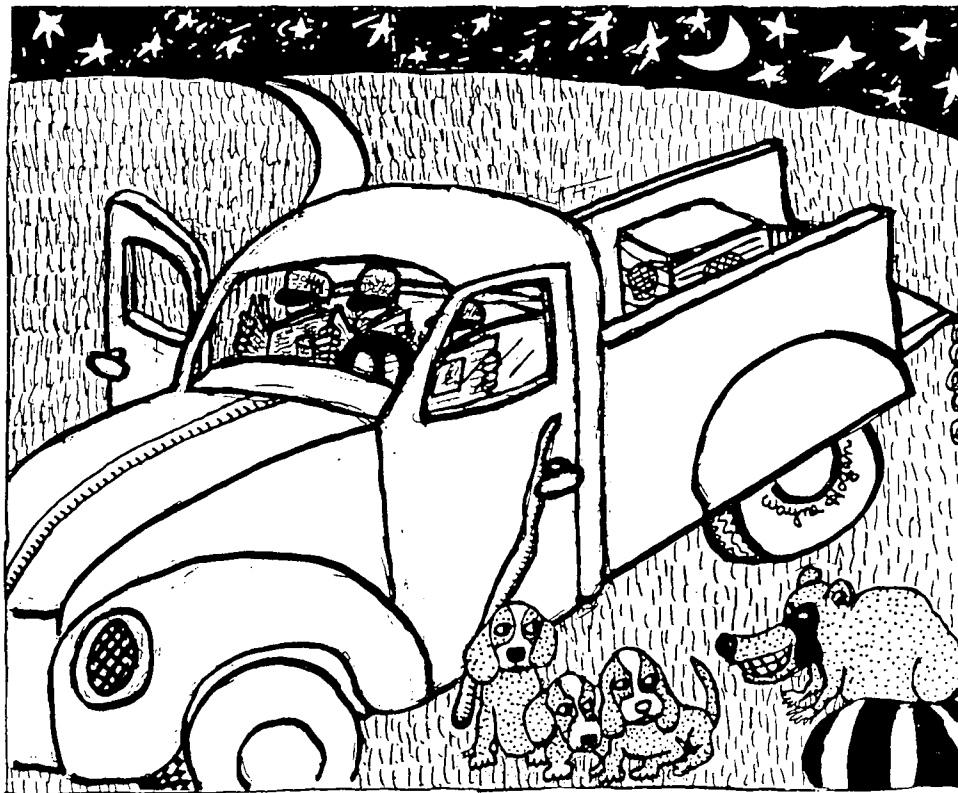
It's these sorts of things that separate coon hunters from chaff.

Just about the time a coon hunter realizes he knows most of what's to know about coon dogs, he starts practicing how to drive a three-quarter-ton pickup truck through the dead



of night without turning on the headlights.

He hones the art of parking barely off a country road, as near as possible to a peace-and-quiet-loving, early-to-bed family's house so that when the hounds are set loose they make all the



noise possible for up to a dozen or more coon hounds to make when they pick up the trail they've been brought for.

It's easy to underemphasize the coon hunter's affinity for pickup trucks. The plain fact is that the pickup is no less than an evolutionary appendage to the coon hunter himself. It goes with him everywhere. To town on Saturdays, to church on Sundays, to the county fair in September.

**W**herever the coon hunter goes in his pickup truck with its tailgate almost always drooped open, he also goes with the screened hound-dog boxes in the back. Born to drive the pickup his hounds were born to ride in. It's in the genes.

Coon hunters usually go coon hunting in twos or threes. Some say that they do this just to be efficient users of the space available in the cab of the pickup. Others say they do it for protection from renegade coons. And some say coon hunters band together trying to have at least a twosome for bridge as they while away the night hours.

These reports must be labeled rumors. The truth is: The main reason coon hunters like company on their coon-hunt outings is to provide for greater vigor in the incisive discussions they have over the latest works of literature appearing in the New York Review of Books. Coon hunting, you see, is not an activity designed merely to keep idle dogs off the streets; it's also

quality time for hunters, too.

As opposed to weekend golfers and tennis buffs, there hasn't been, so far, any really clear-cut fashion developed with coon hunters' clothes. They mostly wear now what they've always worn, whether coon hunting or mowing the lawn — bib overalls (oh, sure, now and



then you'll see a tiny coon hound embroidered onto the bib's upper left-hand corner), steel-toed work boots that lace up past midcalf, a long-sleeved flannel shirt with Ralston Purina Chow-type checks, and a baseball-style cap with JOHN DEERE etched in big green letters across the front just above the visor. And a homemade walking stick.

The stick's used to scratch an "X" in the sand to let any hunting buddies who might have followed them in a second pickup truck know they'd arrived at a certain place first. If somehow they'd all been separated driving through the dark without their headlights on and the second pickup had arrived first, same thing, they'd have made the "X" with their stick.

To outsiders this may not sound like much, but to coon hunters, well, it's just one of those things that to fully understand, you'd have to be there.

Not unlike warfare or breathing, there's a certain rhythm to coon hunting. The

hounds' bays enlarge or fade as, Doppler-like, they move first closer to, then farther from, the coon hunters parked in their pickup truck talking books or praying they won't have to beat back the aggressive advances of a humorless coon.

The coon hunters themselves ebb and flow, driving their pickup from spot to spot along the night-enveloped country road, gathering the hounds into their screened-in boxes at one place and then stopping and releasing them again a hundred or so yards later. These starts and stops continue all night 'til as if by some genetic signal, the hounds are called in and all head home. A certain rhythm.

**I**'ve never yet talked to a coon hunter who said he'd actually taken a coon home as the result of his nightingale efforts. All that time spent sitting around in the cab of a pickup truck in the middle of the night debating some hoity-toity New Yorker's review of some hotshot's new novel, what do they get from it? You wonder.

Well, the answer folks give is "Not much." It's just something coon hunters do.

But that's not the true answer. The fact is, it doesn't do hereabouts to let folks know you're intel-

lectual. Coon-hunting is nothing more than a cover for the higher pursuits of the mind. ★



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# Plantation Women

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Book Review by Frank L. Owsley, Jr.

***Within the Plantation Household* by Elizabeth Fox-Genovese, Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1988. Elizabeth Fox-Genovese is the Elenore Raoul Professor of History and Director of Women's studies at Emory University.**

The subject of this book is Southern women, as opposed to Southern men whose life styles, like the men themselves, have dominated most historical writing dealing with antebellum society. Until recent times, the lack of documented studies dealing specifically with the women of the South has given rise to many myths as well as an uncritical acceptance of plantation women as described in fiction. Novels like *Gone With the Wind*, frequent sources for these exaggerated characterizations, were all too often accepted by historians as fact. Recently a few good documented accounts of Southern women have begun to appear. *Within the Plantation Household* is the latest addition to this short list of scholarly works on the female side of Southern history. The only earlier works which can be compared with Fox-Genovese's study are Anne Firor Scott, *The Southern Lady From Pedestal to Politics 1830-1930*, and Cathrine Clinton, *The Plantation Mistress*. These works have at last destroyed those myths surrounding Southern women. While these three studies are not in perfect agreement, they have opened for comment valuable new areas of antebellum social history.

*Within the Plantation Household* is an ambitious book in which Fox-Genovese describes the life of women of the Southern plantation, devoting much time to the relationship between mistress and slave. Most of the work is taken from the journals of various

white women from large slave-holding households and from the relatively few accounts written by slave women. A major source for the upper-class white mistress group is Sarah Gayle, wife of Governor John Gayle of Alabama.

The slave documents are heavily supplemented by considerable use of the materials developed by the Federal Writers Project and edited by George P. Rawick in *The American Slave: A Composite Autobiography*. Unfortunately these narratives are less satisfactory than the contemporary documents since they were transcribed some seventy to seventy-five years after slavery ended and are the recollections of very elderly people. The writings of Harriet Jacobs and Sojourner Truth, perhaps the most interesting of all, are about the only contemporary documents by slave women. For these reasons, much of the story is seen through the eyes of upper-class white women.

Although Fox-Genovese deals mainly with white women of the planter class, as stated in her title, it is unfortunate that she did not include narratives of the women from small slave-holding and non-slave holding families. This would have broadened the base for account, adding more credibility to her generalizations. Even with these limitations, perhaps necessitated by the difficulty in finding such journals and other documents written by middle class women, the book provides the reader with many valuable insights.

The view of slavery seen through the eyes of the women both Black and White provides the reader with a different view of the Old South. While most nineteenth century society was controlled by an order of patriarchy, the system was far more entrenched in the South than in the North. One could attribute this to any one of several factors, but it is likely that the fear of a slave revolt was the major reason for a strong male-dominated society. Fox-Genovese also suggests that the agricultural nature of the South added to the strength of the patriarchy. Men of the Old South used dependency and fear to control slaves of both sexes, and according to Fox-Genovese, the same tactics were employed to control their wives and families. The author implies that most Southern women had come to expect protection and domination by the males of the family. This view of the patriarchy is also a major theme of Cathrine Clinton, who suggests "The nature of Southern morality forced women into rigid and exacting roles. They were protected yet at the same time confined, by interlocking systems of patriarchal authority."

Many of these women, while not satisfied with male domination, were unwilling or unable to take a stand against it. Although Anne Firor Scott refers to many complaints written in the journals of Southern women, she found that most of them were powerless to change the situation. Fox-Genovese also gives numerous examples of the women's lack of power and inability to make changes. Conditioned to accept the patriarchy and with numerous children, nearly perpetual pregnancy and few skills, they were too tired and too sick to be in a position to insist on reform. In the matter of patriarchy, however, the author finds that the real loser was the black woman, too close to the problem and too far from a solution.

Fox-Genovese deals with both gender and class to explain the views of Southern women, but she seems to believe that gender was the most



important factor. Certainly gender was a major factor in all areas of society and while class distinction was real enough, there was remarkably little class conflict. This general lack of class conflict probably explains the Southerner's concept of "place." The author refers to well-defined classes in the South who knew exactly how they fit into the system and were seemingly fairly comfortable with it.

In her research, Fox-Genovese found a number of Southern women like Sarah Gayle, center of this work, who were perturbed over their own inadequacy, attributing their lack of power and dependence to the nature of being female. It was perhaps their duty to accept male domination. In her own acceptance, however, Gayle forced the black members of her household to endure their situation.

According to the author, the views of most Southern women toward slavery differed little, if at all, from those of the men, although they sometimes had a more compassionate view of slavery. Fox-Genovese assigns to Sarah Gayle the virtues of "warmth, compassion, humor, [and] intelligence . . ." while at the same time she blames Gayle for a continuation of the "peculiar institution."

This concept is somewhat at odds with Anne Firor Scott who found in her study that many Southern women opposed slavery and were glad to see it ended. Since both authors appear to have used valid sources, it would seem to be an example of honest disagreement within the sources themselves. Fox-Genovese used the diary of Mary Chestnut, but she does not feel that Chestnut's resentment of slave society and its restrictions were sincere. As Fox-Genovese explains, Chestnut disliked the abolitionists as much as most Southern women. She uses this lack of support for abolitionists to prove that Chestnut was not sincere in her opposition to slavery. Scott, however, takes Chestnut at face value. Scott takes a more moderate position as she appears willing to entertain the idea that many of these women had doubts



about slavery. Clinton's view on this subject is similar to Scott's. Clinton argues that Southern women had to work harder because of slaves who could not be trusted to do proper work.

Fox-Genovese's study is singularly original in its exploration into the feelings of slave women. No other work to date deals with them on a personal basis. While it was not possible to document these accounts as well as those of the white women, there is no doubt that the author has made a significant contribution in this area. Black women suffered all of the same problems of their mistresses plus that of being a slave completely at the call of a master. Not all black women were used and abused, but if their masters chose to treat them ill, they

were powerless to prevent it.

There have been documented cases of help given to slaves by white women. Fox-Genovese chooses to consider these with great skepticism. She perhaps shows some bias when she analyzes the motives of these upper-class white women, especially since some of these incidents show that these women put themselves in jeopardy by their actions.

There were many experiences that bound together the women of both races, but there were many more which divided them. White women were secure in a home, marriage, and a family. Black women had no such luxuries. Slave marriages were not recognized by the law and thus there was nothing to prevent the sale of children or the separation of families. Fortunately most masters tried to avoid this problem by not separating families, but it could and did happen. White women, while some times deserted, were not forced to see their husbands or children sold.

While many historians will not agree with all of Fox-Genovese's conclusions, she has done very extensive scholarship, resulting in an interesting and valuable narrative. The incidents she describes, while sometimes controversial, are well researched. It is likely that dissimilarities of fact and interpretation she may have with other authors come in part from the use of different source materials. Variations in sources and philosophy will always make impossible a final and definitive interpretation of history and there will inevitably be revisions. But this should in no way detract from Fox-Genovese's significant contribution to the body of knowledge in the fields of Southern history and women's history.

*Frank L. Owsley, Jr. is a Professor of History at Auburn University. ★*

# IS IT TRUE WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT DIXIE?

By Mark Royden Winchell

A Review Of: *The Prevailing South: Life and Politics in a Changing Culture*. Edited by Dudley Clendinen. Atlanta: Longstreet Press, Inc. 246 pages. \$16.95

**1988** was supposed to be the year the Democrats recaptured the South. On Super Tuesday a Southern "moderate" such as Sam Nunn or Chuck Robb would send the likes of Teddy Kennedy, Mario Cuomo, and Gary Hart packing, sweep to the presidential nomination, and welcome all the Reagan Democrats back to their yellow dog home. What's more, the national convention would be in Atlanta, that showcase of racial harmony and Sunbelt prosperity. To commemorate the occasion, *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* editor Bill Kovach commissioned some of the brightest literary lights of the New South to strut their stuff for the visiting dignitaries. The result was a collection of essays called *The Prevailing South*, a thin volume that regards itself as the eighties sequel to *I'll Take My Stand*.

As we know, Mario and Teddy decided to stay home, and young Gary was caught with his pants down. Deprived of their most obvious liberal foils, the great white hopes from Georgia and Virginia concluded that a safe career in the Senate beat spending winter in Iowa and New Hampshire and the rest of the year in Holiday Inns everywhere. The big winners on Super Tuesday turned out to be the Reverend Rainbow, who predictably won almost all the black vote, and Zorba the Clerk, who skillfully appealed to ethnic enclaves in Florida and Texas.

The eventual Dukakis coronation in Atlanta sent droves of TV viewers to the video store. Then, after the competence man suffered the steepest free-fall in the history of Dr. Gallup's poll, enough Dixiecrats judged him worse than a yellow dog to give the national ticket 0 for 138 on the Southern campus of the Electoral College. In fact, when my wife and I hit Atlanta two days after the convention, the stores in Colony Square were offering oil paintings of the Massachusetts Governor and other "Democratic memorabilia" at a 40% discount. Now, even Bill Kovach is gone from the mast-

head of the Atlanta papers. All that remains is the book he left behind.

"The New South Follies" as it might have been called, is generally well written. The most notable exception is the preface by Alex Haley. Here, we are treated to such klunkers as: "the assembled men would engage in an intense discussion of how the national Republican Party might be moved this year to better address the needs of local black people." (Never mind the split infinitive; the ubiquitous use of "address" reminds me of that classic "Honeymooners" skit where Ed Norton, having read in his golfing instructions that he is now to "address the ball," walks up to the tee and says: "Hello ball.") Apparently Kunta Kinte's most famous descendant has grown rusty turning out schlock for *Parade* magazine. (He and his staff of "researchers" have taken a hiatus from blockbuster lit ever since *Roots* and the plagiarism trial.) The substance of his very short piece is the standard fare about how blacks all used to be Republicans until Uncle Franklin came and put them on the welfare plantation.

After C. Vann Woodward gives us a less lugubrious summary of political history that any reasonably informed person already knew, we get the first of two essays by authors not native to the South. David Halberstam is proudly identified as the man Lyndon Johnson called "a traitor to his country." What Halberstam clearly has never been a traitor to is the liberal world view, complete with its cartoon image of the South. In his Follies essay, "The Eye of the Storm: The South in 1955," Halberstam recounts, how, as a young newspaperman, he headed for the fever swamps of Mississippi armed with a typewriter and a copy of Gunnar Myrdal's *An American Dilemma*. There he

encountered vicious rednecks, persecuted blacks, gutless white moderates, and crusading journalists from New York. The story has a happy ending, however; because over thirty years later, scalawag senators from the South sent the Bork nomination down to defeat, thus sparing us a Fourth Reich.

The other essay by a non-native Southerner — Elizabeth Fox-Genovese's "The Real, Short Life of a Southern Lady" — is a stark contrast to Halberstam's passel of clichés. Using the journals of Sarah Ann Haynsworth Gayle, Professor Fox-Genovese shows that even before the War Between the States, upper-class Southern women were not necessarily the pampered belles of popular myth. Quotations from Mrs. Gayle's journals are gracefully integrated into Fox-Genovese's own narrative to give us a remarkable portrait of a gifted and caring woman, whose life was far too painful and far too short. If anything in this volume bears comparison with anything in *I'll Take My Stand*, this essay calls to mind John Donald Wade's "The Life and Death of Cousin Lucius."

In addition to Elizabeth Fox-Genovese and Tina McElroy Ansa, three other women offer their views on Southern living. Emily Ellison traces the political genealogy of her family from Reconstruction to the present, concluding with a Southern-fried version of the flower child's lament: "What if my baby doesn't grow up to be a Yellow Dog Democrat?" Anne Rivers Siddons gushes over the transformation of Atlanta from sleepy-Southern-town (all one word) to Sunbelt metropolis, and in the process sounds a bit too much like Joan Didion remembering what it was like to be young in Manhattan. Josephine Humphreys, however, gives us a marvelously perceptive



meditation on the importance of towns in Southern fiction. The wilderness is too remote and the city too immense for community to flourish. "While one life may form the spine of a novel," she writes, "one life alone is not enough for a Southern novel. Our subject is the concert of human lives." For this reason Humphreys deplores the scorched-earth policy of industrial development and suburban sprawl. Nearly sixty years after the Agrarians wrote their manifesto, she has made their stand her own.

There are other impressive numbers in the Follies. Pat Conroy's tribute to his mother manages to be moving without being maudlin. Roy Reed performs an astute bit of political anthropology in the mourning demise of the Southern demagogue. (The flamboyance of an Edwin Edwards, he argues, is qualitatively different from that of an Earl Long.) Louis D. Rubin, Jr., tells us why there will always be a Southern literature, even though the new breed of writers lives in a world made by the Snopeses. And to put everything in comic perspective, we have Roy Blount, Jr., (one of the more recent products of the Vanderbilt literary tradition) fantasizing his own run for the presidency, complete with a citizen's participation plan for reducing the federal deficit —

buy stamps and throw them away.

No portrait of the South — old or new — would be complete without a little God-talk. This is provided by a backslidden layman named Ferrol Sams, Jr., and a maverick preacher named Will D. Campbell, both of fundamentalist Southern Baptist origins. Sams (or "Sambo" as he's known to his friends) takes on the modern-day crowd of blow-dried evangelicals from the perspective of one who knew Jesus Christ before He was a superstar. The immediate controversy is over the direction of Sambo's alma mater, Mercer University. Against those who claim that too much free thinkin' and loose livin' are going on at Mercer, Sambo raises the banner of religious liberty for which Baptists such as John Bunyan and Roger Williams suffered persecution. Regardless of who is right on the merits of the case, Ferrol Sams, Jr., comes across as the wise country doctor he happens to be.

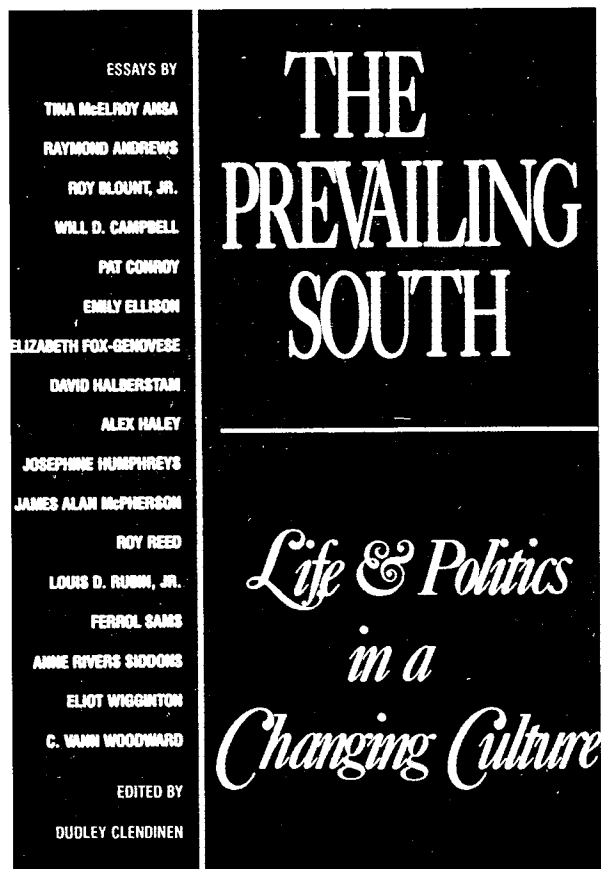
**W**ill Campbell is immediately recognizable as the (tobacco) spittin' image of the Rev. Will B. Dunn in Doug Marlette's comic strip *Kudzu*. To his credit, a Yale education and association with Yankee liberals have not caused him to renounce his heritage as a rural poor white. In fact, Brother Will scandalized many of those liberal friends when he took a sabbatical from the civil rights movement to serve as a kind of unofficial chaplain to the Ku Klux Klan, arguing that Klansmen are people, too. In his folksy way, he has summed up the essence of Christianity in seven words: "We're all bastards, but God loves us." In his application of that viewpoint, however, Campbell proves a dangerous thinker who has replaced the notion of individual responsibility with a doctrine of corporate guilt more reminiscent of Marx than Jesus.

According to Campbell, all white people are racist because they benefit simply from being white in a society where blacks have traditionally been second class citizens. However, the racism of poor whites (even if it takes the form of Klan violence) is

excusable because the redneck (as Campbell defiantly calls himself and his kind) has been even more exploited historically than his black counterpart. Brother Will is less worried by night riders in white sheets (or urban muggers) than by corporate executives in three-piece suits. Presumably in the hereafter, all of us bastards will be saved by the indiscriminate love of Christ, but in this world social class makes some of us more illegitimately born than others. Of course, what this amounts to is the populist dream of a bi-racial coalition of society's have-nots. As a political and economic agenda, that dream has only limited validity. As a theology, it is morally and spiritually bankrupt.

In the final analysis, one wonders if there is anything in *The Prevailing South* that might help the 1992 Democratic candidate do better than 0 for 138 in Dixie. The answer is "not much." I am certain that the contributors to this volume voted overwhelmingly — perhaps unanimously — for Dukakis in '88 and Mondale in '84. That is their right as American citizens, but it does suggest that as a group they are hardly representative of a region that voted almost as overwhelmingly the other way. Nevertheless, Democratic chairman Ron Brown and any prospective candidate for the presidency might do well to heed the admonition of Foxfire's Eliot Wigginton, whose essay makes the most political sense of any in the book.

Speaking of the community where he lives, Wigginton writes, "Sooner or later, the fact that the Democratic Party is becoming increasingly liberal must...take its toll here where the majority of mountain families are religious and deeply conservative — and where the young people who remain behind in...blue collar jobs tend to take up that conservative banner and carry it on, sometimes in the form of a Rebel flag." Do these sensible comments and the occasional literary excellence of *The Prevailing South* make it the equal of *I'll Take My Stand*? Nearly sixty years after its original publication, the Agrarian manifesto is regarded as a classic and studied in Southern literature courses everywhere. So, we'll have to wait and see if "The New South Follies" is still playing in the year 2048. As William Faulkner would say, "only that which endures will prevail." ★



**THE WAY TO THE WESTERN SEA:  
LEWIS AND CLARK ACROSS THE CONTI-  
NENT.** By David Lavender. 444 pages.  
Harper and Row. \$22.95.

They were three Southerners who forever changed the history of a nation and the geography of a continent: Meriwether Lewis, William Clark and Thomas Jefferson. A visionary and two adventurers, Southerners all, they opened the Great American West and enabled the fledgling United States to expand into world power status. They performed their magnificent feat through the Louisiana Purchase, engineered by Jefferson, and the Lewis & Clark Expedition, led by the two Southerners whose names are forever associated with the historic trek.

Now the story of that remarkable journey is told anew by historian David Lavender, who tells the tale with style and authority. First, there's Jefferson, who realized that through the Louisiana Purchase he could double the size of the U.S. and simultaneously rid the vulnerable nation of a foreign threat. Even compared to the purchase of Alaska, Jefferson's deal was undoubtedly the greatest real estate coup in American history: 828-thousand square miles for some \$15 million — or a little less than three cents an acre. Despite the enormous advantages of the deal, Jefferson encountered opposition. A Southern Constitutional Constructionist, he overcame his personal reservations about the Constitutionality of the Federal government making such a purchase, but had to endure political howling from Northeastern politicians, who feared the deal would aid the political fortunes of the South and the West.

Observes historian Lavender: "one disgruntled New Englander complained that \$15 million was the equivalent of

433 tons of solid silver, a wagon train capable of moving the mass would stretch out 5 1/3 miles. Senator Harrison Gray Otis of Massachusetts brayed, "I would rather the Mississippi were a running stream of burning lava, over which no human being could pass, than that the treaty should be ratified."

Jefferson got the land, of course, and sent Lewis and Clark, two fellow Virginians, out to explore it and report back on geography, geology, plant and animal life, native peoples and the potential for development. Both were a generation younger than Jefferson; both were adventurers and both shared a command of the expedition. Few other Southerners have made such a contribution to the American nation. From St. Louis to the Pacific Coast and back, Lewis and Clark covered 7,689 miles of mostly unexplored wilderness and did so with but a single fatality.

Lavender's research and writing takes the reader into the day-by-day details of the journey, reporting the adventures, dangers and discoveries of the expedition with fresh insight. His profiles of the three principals — Jefferson, Lewis and Clark — elevate the three from the one-dimensional caricatures of high school history books into the realm of reality. The imprint of their Southern culture was upon all three and in some ways their personality traits seem to have been almost stereotypical Southern. Witness, for instance, Meriwether Lewis observed by author Lavender: "The expedition had barely gotten underway when he unnecessarily climbed a dangerous cliff beside a place called the Tavern and very nearly fell to destruction. He went alone past the Great Falls of Missouri into country he knew was filled with grizzlies and came close to paying for his recklessness. With only two companions he forged ahead of the expedition's boats to find Shonshoni Indians and buy horses, although he had no idea how the tribe would receive the first white man they had ever seen. With only three companions he ventured into the country of the Blackfeet, although he had been forcefully warned not to."

Such oh-so-Southern daring and near-recklessness has been demonstrated repeatedly by Southerners — from the Mosbys and Forrests of the mid-19th

century to the Cale Yarboroughs and Richard Pettys of today. Perhaps a heavy dose of Southern audacity was the ingredient necessary for the Lewis and Clark expedition to succeed; and it did succeed. Lewis and Clark opened the West — first to the fur trappers, then the military, the buffalo hunters, the ranchers, the farmers and, finally, the townsmen. A great continent was settled into a single long generation — thanks largely to a Southern visionary and two Southern adventurers.

Probably no other historian has told the story as well as does David Lavender in *The Way to the Western Sea*.

**Southern Partisan** reviewer Rod Gragg is author of several historical works, including *The Old West Quiz & Fact Book*. His latest work, *The Illustrated Confederate Reader*, will be released by Harper & Row this spring.

**THE CONFEDERATE CARPETBAG-  
GERS.** By Daniel E. Sutherland. 360  
pages. LSU Press. \$40 in hardback,  
\$16.95 in trade paper.

This is no solemnly academic treatment of an obscure topic, even though it sounds like a mildly interesting Ph.d. dissertation that found its way into print. Instead, this is a well-crafted biography — a genuinely interesting book-length profile of the postwar lives of Burton N. Harrison and his wife, Constance.

Who are they and why do they deserve a biography?

Harrison was Jefferson Davis' private secretary throughout the war. His wife was the proverbial Southern belle. Together they are a fascinating couple and deserve a biographical study more because they are interesting figures than because they are representative types. Further more, author Sutherland makes then interesting because he is a gifted storyteller.

He charts the postwar lives of the Harrisons as they struggle and succeed in developing a prosperous life in postwar New York City, and he examines their lives as representative of those former Confederates who chose life in the victorious North, instead of the shattered South, following the War Between



the States. His findings about Southerners in the postwar North — those he calls “Confederate Carpetbaggers” — are interesting and add something to the historiography of the war and Reconstruction. However, the biography of Burton and Constance Harrison can stand alone without demographic or sociological analysis simply because they were interesting Southerners whose story is capably told.

The book has two flaws: First, readers will probably wish to know more about Harrison's prewar activities and especially about his four years of service with President Davis. Secondly, the title of this work will probably confine its readership to professional historians and students of the Reconstruction. That's a pity. This is a captivating biography which, with a few additional chapters on Harrison's wartime service and a little less analysis, would have been a fascinating study of the John Hay of the Davis administration. Perhaps the publisher felt the Harrisons were too unimportant to deserve extended biographical treatment, so their profile was transformed into a study the publisher claims “breaks new and significant ground in explaining the complexities of Reconstruction and late nineteenth-century American life.” Ho-hum. Reading this book, noting the author's obvious skill as a writer of history, you can't help but wish he had been allowed to let the Harrisons' lives carry the story alone, especially since the “complexities of Reconstruction and late nineteenth-century American life” are quite obvious from the biography. (LSU Press, one of the very best university presses in the South, could have done better with the title and approach of this one.)

Anyway, this is an interesting biography — far better than you'd think judging from the title and the publisher's promotional prose. Author Sutherland, professor of history at Louisiana's McNeese State University, has the rare combination of scholarship and readable writing. Hopefully, by now he's under contract to some appreciative trade publisher and is hard at work producing a very readable biography of some long-overlooked Confederate cabinet officer.

**GRAY VICTORY. By Robert Skimin. 377 pages. St. Martin's Press. \$19.95**

The South won nationhood. Davis decided not to replace Johnston with Hood after all; Johnston held Atlanta until Election Day in the North and Gen. George McClellan, the peace candidate, defeated Lincoln. A ceasefire followed. That's the basic premise behind this intriguing novel about the postwar Confederate States of America in 1866.

Novelist Robert Skimin can spin a yarn, no doubt. And he's pretty good with history, weaving in enough fact to achieve credibility. But he misses badly with the theme of his plot: Jeb Stuart is on trial for allegedly causing Lee's defeat at Gettysburg. Skimin takes Stuart's famous, controversial scouting foray during the Gettysburg Campaign, which he left Lee without the “eyes” of the army, and uses it as his central theme, putting Stuart on trial amid a violent plot by abolitionists.

You can make a historical case for Confederate victory had McClellan defeated Lincoln in the 1864 election. However, a successful defense of Atlanta might not have been enough to give the election to McClellan, and even if he had defeated Lincoln, McClellan wanted a ceasefire based on a return to the Union, not secession. Still, the Confederacy probably would have had a real opportunity for nationhood from a war-weary North without Lincoln's single-minded defense of the Union, so readers should be able to live with Skimin's theory of how the South won the war. It's the Jeb Stuart prosecution that undermines this novel: A victorious Confederacy hardly would have been in a mood to punish its favorite Cavalier when Southern hopes for independence were finally realized.

The other unlikely scenario is the abolitionist plot to wipe out the Confederate leadership in a John Brown-style strickly against slavery. True, some Southerners dreamed of an expanded slaveocracy, but by war's end the Davis administration appeared ready to implement a policy of gradual emancipation in exchange for European recognition. A victorious Confederacy might have held on to slavery, but the institution probably would have disap-

peared within a few decades without the war's 600-thousand deaths, given the fact that all other major Western democracies had ended the practice. Most likely, a victorious Confederacy would have promptly announced a plan of compensated emancipation under the Davis-Benjamin political leadership and the moral influence of Robert E. Lee, who considered slavery a great moral error. That would have insured immediate European recognition and postwar aid. (A really intriguing question is: Would the Northern government have freed slaves in the North if the South had won its independence during the Sharpsburg Campaign of 1862?)

Anyway, *Gray Victory* is fiction and that allows for more than a few leaps of imagination. So accept the Confederate victory via Johnston and McClellan; swallow the premise of a Stuart trial and assume an abolitionist plot is afoot the postwar C.S. Then you can enjoy Skimin's skillful profiles of prominent Confederates and Federals and join him in fanciful speculation. The book ends with an assassination attempt on Lee, Benjamin, Stuart *et al*, but you'll have to read the novel to learn the outcome. Much of the story is told through the postwar eyes of John S. Mosby and Skimin is best when he's in Mosby's brain.

This is not fiction of the caliber of *Killer Angels*, which may be the best contemporary novel of the war, but it is entertaining fare. Probably not since McKinley Cantor's *If the South Had Won The Civil War*, written some 30 years ago, has a major publisher given such attention to the possibilities of a Confederate victory. Don't expect this novel to compare favorably with Cantor's, but it's a worthy topic for a novel and author Skimin knows how to keep a readers attention. The novel does provoke thought: If the South had won, would we today have to suffer the likes of Hugh Hefner or People for the American Way? ☸

# CRITICUS ON TOUR

## OFF THE BEATEN PATH

By  
David R.  
Gillespie

**Mansion.** The word conjures up im-ages of Beverly Hills or Buck-head. Huge sprawling homes with outbuildings the size of most folks main homes. It conjures up images of "Tara," "Twelve Oaks," and a hundred other bastions of Southern Culture.

In the case of the John C. Calhoun Mansion, located far off the beaten path in the middle of a South Carolina institution known as Clemson University, the word speaks more of the stature



**FORT HILL EXTERIOR**

of the man rather than the house in which he lived.

Nevertheless, the traveler heading down I-85 South or up I-85 North would do well to take the time to make the 15 minute drive to Clemson and see the place where Calhoun spent the last 25 years of his life.

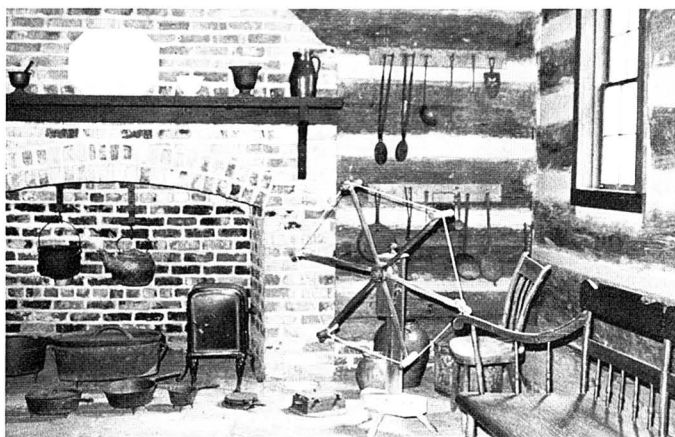
Originally constructed as the manse for the nearby Old Stone Church (you need to stop and see that, too) by Dr. James McElhenny in 1803, Calhoun acquired the home in 1825. With it came 1,100 acres of farm and woodland. That land now serves

as the campus of Clemson University.

Clergy Hall, as it was originally known, became Fort Hill – a name chosen by Calhoun to honor an old fort that had been built on the land in 1776 as protection from nearby Indians.

Presently, the home consists of 14 rooms with 3 piazzas. A separate kitchen is found on the west lawn and Calhoun's office is on the south lawn.

Initial restoration efforts of Fort Hill were begun in 1928, financed by the John C. Calhoun Chapter of the United Daughters



**KITCHEN**

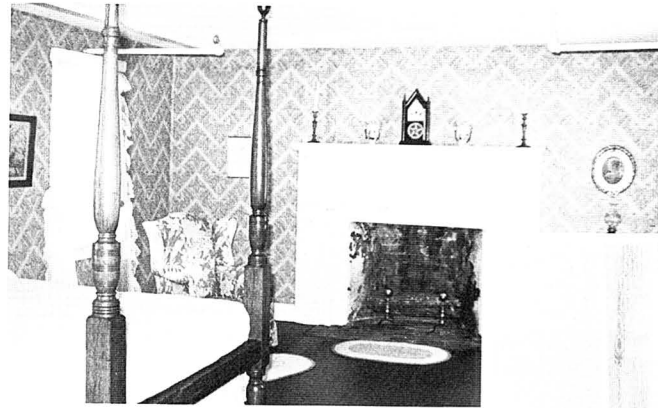


**DINING ROOM**

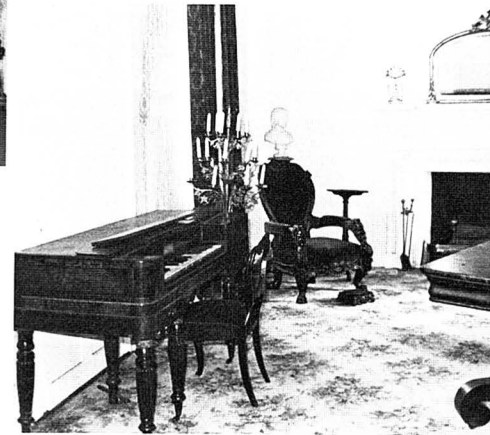




**CALHOUN'S GUN.  
A FIRE PLACE WALLED OVER  
PRIOR TO RESTORATION.**



**MASTER BEDROOM**



**MUSIC ROOM**

of the Confederacy. Thanks to their interest and support, and that of the Fort Hill Endowment (more about that in a minute) the mansion still stands today as a tribute to the man and the state and the culture he loved.

Not too long ago, a couple of hooligans set fire to the mansion. They did so in an attempt to cover up a burglary in process in downtown Clemson.

They have been arrested and are undergoing trial. The mansion was not, fortunately, damaged severely. Indeed, as you look at the room where the fire

occurred, more damage is seen from the sprinkler system that helped extinguish the blaze than from the fire itself.

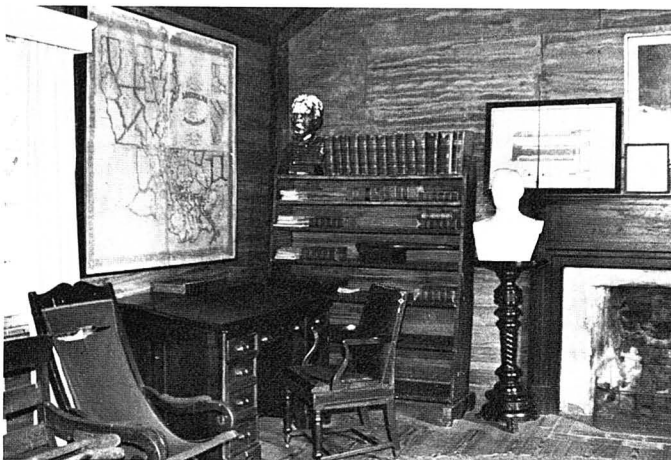
The Fort Hill Endowment provides investment income from the mansion. Funds that are desperately needed. The United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the University, both are committed to providing climate control features for the mansion in order to better preserve the priceless objects owned by Calhoun and his family that are on display. Inquiries can be directed to the Clemson

University Foundation at (803) 656-2121.

Other funds for the operation and preservation of this stately home of a statesman come from state appropriations and from the 15,000 people who tour the home each year.

**I** recommend a trip in the Fall or Spring to best appreciate the natural beauty of the area and grounds. But then, having grown up there, I'm a little bit prejudiced.

**David Gillespie is a former staff member of the Partisan. ☼**



**CALHOUN'S OFFICE**



# ROD GRAGG

## THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

### General Lee's City.

By Richard M. Lee.

184 pp. EMP Publications (1003 Turkey Run Road, McLean, Va. 22101) \$16.95 in oversized paper.

Mary Chestnut referred to its "delights." Southern historian Douglas Southall Freeman described it as "central stage of the drama." It was the seat of the Southern war effort and the primary target of the Northern war machine. As long as Richmond stood, the Confederacy lived; when it fell, the death of Southern nationhood was imminent. Even today, Richmond remains the principal Southern reminder of the War: surrounded by battlefields, hosts of relic shows, book fairs, roundtables and reenactment groups, and home of the Museum of the Confederacy, the Confederate White House, avenues of Confederate monuments and a landscape of historic sites.

Now, in one well-crafted volume, historian Richard M. Lee has surveyed the wartime history of the Confederate capital and organized its historical attractions into skillfully documented tours. *General Lee's City: An Illustrated Guide to the Historic Sites of Confederate Richmond*, is the sequel to the author's excellent earlier work on wartime Washington, D.C. (He should have written this one first, of course.) The work opens with a lively and concise 40-page history of Richmond, then moves into five tours of Richmond's wartime sites. More than 100 historic sites detailed, from Capitol Square to Castle Thunder to General Lee's home. A colorful narrative accompanies each site and the book is illustrated by numerous maps and more than 150 photographs and period sketches. It's a welcome contribution to the social history of the war and a useful guide for tireless history buffs.

### Great Battles of the Civil War.

By John McDonald.

200 pp. MacMillan. \$39.95 in oversized cloth.

What? Not another high-priced coffee table book rehashing the war's basic history amid the oh-so-familiar photos from the Brady collection. Wait! While this new oversized work has a little of all those clichés, it actually has merit and even innovation. True, the narrative is a basic summary of the war, but at least it seems to get the facts straight and the text is readable. More importantly, the layout is nicely done and a lot of color is splashed about. There's a nice mix of contemporary art—uniforms and the like—with some of the best period art and there's a sprinkling of well-photographed artifacts dropped here and there amid the text. But the best of this work is the three-dimensional battlefield aerial view of each major battle, supposedly based on computer-enhanced topographical maps. Forget the technological gimmicks, the artwork is nicely rendered and reasonably accurate. Not since *The American Heritage Picture History of the Civil War* was published in 1959 has a major publisher tried this technique—and this work pulls it off nicely. If you must buy a coffee table book on the war (wives, call your bookstore) this may be your best choice.

### The U.S. Army War College Guide to the Battle of Antietam.

Edited by Jay Luvaas and Harold W. Nelson.

310 pp. Harper & Row. \$8.95.

I remember, a couple of summers back, standing at dusk in the quiet, rocky woods on Gettysburg's Little Round Top and reading Chamberlain's report of the desperate Confederate attack on the 20th Maine at that spot. There at the very site where the South's best hurled themselves in vain at the stone wall breastwork defended by those hearty Maine soldiers. I was reading a description of that crucial event by one who had been present at the struggle. Reliving history that day was made easy by the *U.S. Army War College's guidebook to the Battle of Gettysburg*—and now a similar work has been produced for Sharpsburg.

Here's a guidebook for the serious student of the war. Produced by two members of the U.S. Army War College faculty, it provides a deeply detailed explanation of the Sharpsburg Campaign, using official reports and simplified

topographical maps. The order of battle unfolds along eighteen chronological stops which follow the battle's progression. Both authors are seasoned historians of the war and their work in this hefty guide enables you to stand at crucial sites of this pivotal battle and read about the action in the words of those who were there. You don't have to visit the Sharpsburg battlefield to enjoy this book, but if you go this work should go with you.

### War So Terrible: Sherman and Atlanta.

By James Lee McDonough and James Pickett Jones.

385 pp. Norton. \$19.95.

"Atlanta is ours, and fairly won." So proclaimed General William T. Sherman after four months of maneuvering, combat and siege which resulted in the capture of Atlanta. It was one of the worst blows of the war for the South and, according to some historians, insured the defeat of Southern independence by assuring the Lincoln administration of reelection. Atlanta was a vital Southern rail center and its loss was a blow to the heart of the South. Equally devastating to the Confederacy were the terrible March to the Sea and Carolinas Campaign, prompted by the fall of Atlanta. Not even Robert E. Lee's brilliant maneuvering could offset the lethal damage done to the Confederacy by the loss of Atlanta.

In grim but colorful detail, the story of the Atlanta Campaign unfolds in this carefully researched, well-written study by two veteran historians of the war. From Confederate defense to Federal offense, the narrative of this modern-style military campaign moves back and forth in a careful chronicle. The major thrust of the work—313 pages—charts the struggle for Atlanta, then concludes with an analysis of the impact of the fall of the fortress city. If there's a noticeable flaw in this skillfully produced history, it's the superficial treatment of Sherman's evacuation of the fallen city. Atlanta's entire population was ordered to leave home, business and property in a forced evacuation more in keeping with Cambodia's Khmer Rouge than the U.S. Army. After the civilians were banished, the city was set afire. *That* was "war so terrible"—and the brief reference to it is puzzling for a book of this caliber. Even so, this is a readable, scholarly and richly detailed account of one of the war's great campaigns. ★





## “LEE CALLS ON HOOD’S TEXANS”

General Robert E. Lee inherited command of the beleaguered Confederate Army, May 31, 1862, when General Joseph E. Johnston was badly wounded at the Battle of Seven Pines (Fair Oaks)—one of the most mismanaged and disastrous actions of the war. This disaster, coupled with defeats in New Orleans, the far West, and on the Carolina coast, appeared to set the stage for the quick demise of the Confederate States of America.

Where Johnston assumed a defensive posture, Lee was to take the offensive. He capitalized on the torrential rains that had bogged down the Federal forces and on the paranoid actions of the Union General George B. McClellan who had been hoodwinked by the erroneous intelligence reports by the private detective Allan Pinkerton. Lee hit the Federal's Fifth Corps at Mechanicsville, north of Richmond, on June 26, but the Fifth Corps held its position. However, McClellan, true to form, ordered his troops to fall back to Gaines' Mill instead of hitting the weakened Richmond defenses.

A.P. Hill resumed the attack at noon on the 27th, followed by James Longstreet's division two hours later--both were repulsed.

The stalemate had to be broken. Lee needed a victory.

Checking his resources, Lee turned to General John Bell Hood. This was not an impulsive choice. Just seven weeks earlier, Hood's Texans had distinguished themselves at Eltham's Landing, near West Point. Of this skirmish General Samuel W. Melton wrote, "Here we first had a fair sample of

your Texans, under Hood. They are, incomparably, the best fighters in the Confederacy; men upon whom one could depend under all circumstances--who seem to fight for the very love of it...Oh! that we had more of them."

General Hood recalled his meeting with Lee in his speech at the Sixth Annual Reunion of Hood's Texas Brigade Association, June 27, 1877. "At Gaines' Mill, we felt the keen edge of battle...I had ridden up to General Lee and that officer had said to me, 'General Hood, the enemy are here and we have not broken their lines, I want them off the field.' I replied that I believed if any troop could do it, my Brigade could."

Indeed they could---and did. With Hood at the head of his old Regiment, the Fourth Texas, the Texans gave Lee his first victory.

\*\*\*\*\*

This painting, now offered as an exciting limited edition print, is rendered with the accuracy and realism that is a Clyde Heron hallmark. He is an avid student of military history but is not satisfied to be a passive observer. He recently received a citation from Fort Concho National Historic Landmark which attests his active involvement in historical preservation.

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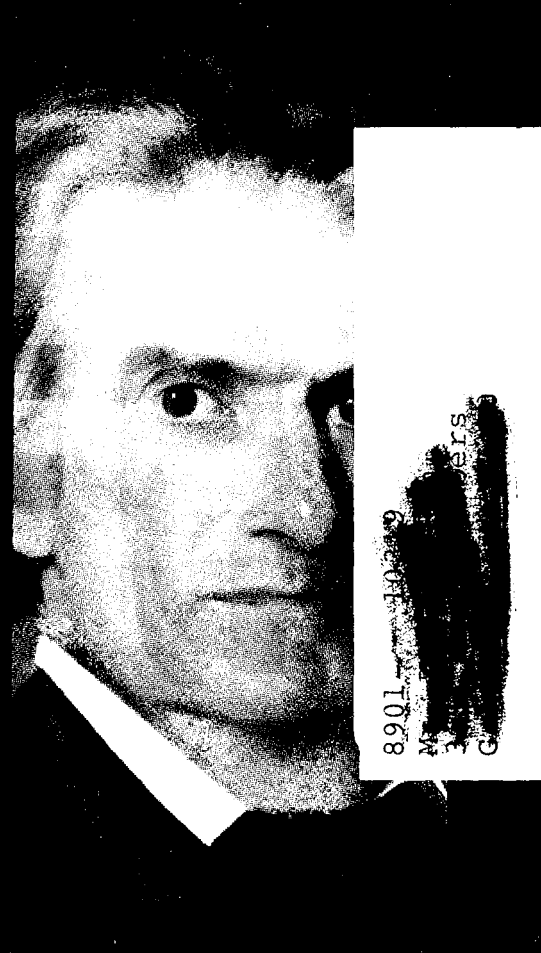
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